

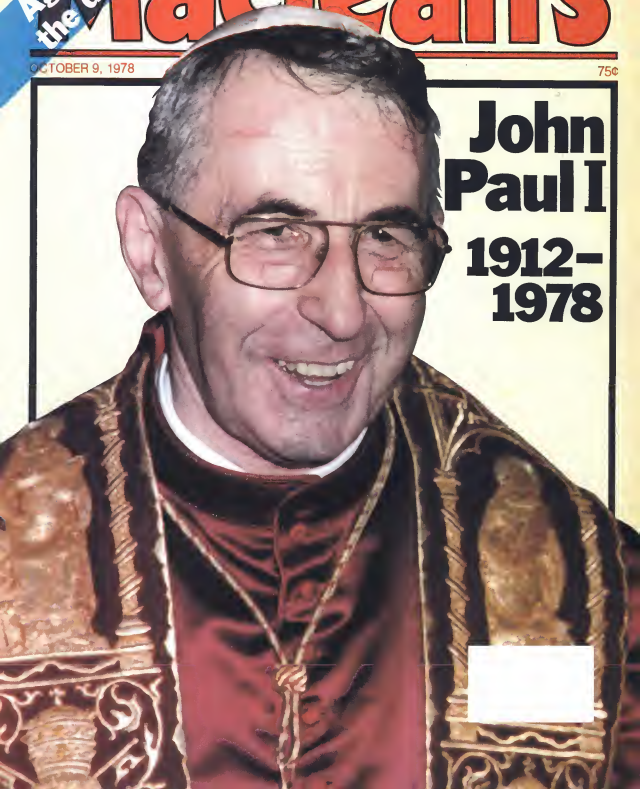
Agony of  
the dollar

# Maclean's

OCTOBER 9, 1978

75¢

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1912-  
1978**





OCTOBER 9, 1978

VOL. 91 NO. 22



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Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling.  
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## Religion

54

### Comfortable pulpits, uncomfortable pews

In practice if not in theory, of course, but there are trends in certain churches in North America which are pointing toward a vision in which the clergy will one day soon outnumber the congregations.



## Show Business

### The Cookie Muppet proves a masterpiece himself

Nelson Cook, the man who explores the muckypots on U.S. public television's *Muppetplace Theatre*, is turning 70 and cutting back his workload—unless he gets a chance to work with the Muppets.

## Frontlines

4

### The Cajon connection

A sudden awakening to his Acadian heritage three years ago turned Zachary Richard, a then 24-year-old Louisiana rock singer, into the darling of the French Canadian folk or folk. Now, with three successful albums out in French, he's moving back to Canada, leaving Europe and taking another look at the huge Acadian audience.



## Theatre

70

### Uncle O'Toole changes into the wrong boys

When Harold Ed Mowbray, director, king, restaurateur and impresario, decided he wanted a Canadian theatre touring company, he involved British actor Peter O'Toole. The last project, Uncle Vinny's, may make him wonder a bit if it's worth it.

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The only thing more rewarding than giving it,  
is sharing it.



## Prince Charming at the corner table— John Turner awaits his rightful call

By Peter C. Newman

They gather each day just after high noon in the burgundy plush of Winston's Restaurant on Toronto's Adelaide Street, the high rollers who conduct or like to think they endow Canada's corporate and political universe. They come here to compare corporate exploits, share fiscal confidences and make the deals that will eventually spread their money and their talent, their arrogance and sense of predestiny across the country and the continent. During two-hour lunches they savor the pleasures of flexing their clout before slightly awed visitors from lesser circles of power—those guys with not quite enough chin and too much oaf whose eyes dart about the room, like pilot fish collecting sharks.

Only one presence rivets all of their attention, one spot they approach like supplicants at Lourdes. Right there in Winston's southwest corner, at Table 24, most days sits John Turner, the answer to all their prayers.

In political exile since he stormed out of the Trudeau government on Sept. 16, 1976, Turner is pacifying law with McMillin, Finch and sitting on 10 boards of corporations with aggregate assets of \$12 billion. His sudden departure may have soured some Liberal colleagues (who believe the only honorable way to leave the Commons is to accept a senatorship) but for a growing number of Canadians—and not just the patrons of Winston's—Turner is coming to represent the last hope of giving this country farreaching political leadership. The decade he spent in cabinet appearing high or

federal expenditures has suddenly made his brand of politics popular again. Last month's Liberal defeat in Nova Scotia has launched a move to draft Turner as a challenger to Pierre Trudeau's leadership.

Bored with abstractions, Turner views Liberalism not as an ideology but as a state of equilibrium with the order of things. He still talks like some Melancholique political disc jockey and continues to find his own presence a bit overwhelming. But underneath that flash and footwork, the hard core of the man has grown and matured, found some accommodation between his image and his real self.

John Turner commands an impressive national constituency of power-brokers in every province, based on his Club of 196—the delegates who stuck by him in the last ballot at the 1968 leadership convention. He seldom spends a day without riffling through his personal index file, making sure he's not out of touch with somebody who counts. He has, for example, contacted Claude Ryan exactly 30 times (at six-month intervals) during the past 30 years. Above all, Turner is one of the very few political figures in this country with possessing a measure of credibility, perhaps the only Liberal extant who wouldn't be suspected of lying, even when he was contradicting himself.

Winston's Restaurant isn't exactly comparable to the sanctuary of Coleridge-by-the-Sea-Zaglins, where Charles de Gaulle retired for three years before *l'homme qui refuse de se laisser égarer* a *trouveau* republic. But the time has come for Clinton Turner to come to the aid of his party.



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OCTOBER 9, 1978

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# The Cajun connection



On November, 1970, a thin young man from Louisiana stole a folk festival in Montreal with a rendition of an old Acadian folk song. *L'Arbre au dard* was familiar. With his serious demeanor and his strange cutting, broken vowels, Zachary Richard seemed like a voice from the past, an exotic reminder of the exodus of his Acadian ancestors from Eastern Canada two centuries ago.

Now, three years later, his rock and roll version of the folk song has surprised everyone by selling 100,000 copies in Quebec over the summer. Richard has his third album in French coming out on Oct. 15 (it has 40,000 orders before release) and he is currently on a tour of France and Belgium. In a strange twist of events, the 22-year-old darling of the folk circuit is emerging as a major rock attraction, an American from Louisiana building his career in French.

When Richard hit the folk festival circuit three years ago, it was by accident. He was then just another rock and roller, still angry from a bitter encounter with recording industry politics. He had been one of the last artists to sign with Elektra records before it was sold and became Elektra-Asylum and had looked on helplessly as his completed album was shelved and never released. A chance encounter led to a trip to France, where he sang some traditional Acadian songs and provoked a tremendous reaction. A new phase of his career was launched.

Then on Aug. 15, 1975, Richard was struck, with as almost physical force, by a sense of discovering his own roots. Performing at a folk festival near Montreal, he sang *Le Pivert*—the song—a song he had written on the exodus of his Acadian forefathers. It is a powerful, angry song, and he sang it unaccompanied. "I sang it to the crowd—and they all rose to their feet," he said in an interview a year later, still very much caught up in the experience. "I get chills. It was one of the most important experiences I've ever gone through."

He returned to his home in Louisiana with a kind of cultural passion, refusing to speak English, and rewriting some of

the songs he had written in English into French. In the concerts that followed he would end each show singing *Le Pivert*, unaccompanied. It by a single spotlight. Powerful stuff.

He grins a bit sheepishly now when he's reminded of this. "It was like an infatuation, I guess. I have a very emotional feeling about my heritage, and I'm still as proud as I ever was of it—but I never was a nationalist for it."

Although he now lives in Montreal, almost all of the musicians Richard plays with still live in southeast Louisiana and, unlike Richard, speak no French. It is a bit of a jolt to wander backstage after a set in which every song has been in French to find a group of musicians speaking with the lilting drawl of the Deep South.

The music these days is an extraordinary mélange. After a few bars of foot-stomping, scorching, playing a traditional Louisiana honky-tonk melody but reborn the kind of tradition one associates with reels and jigs, the drums and electric guitars cut under and behind the tradition. Other songs rock of the wall of Mississippi Delta blues, or the twang of country-and-western cowboy songs. Over the last two years the traditional has faded while Richard has introduced more and more improvisation and contemporary, almost jazz-rock sounds, joining what he calls "back-to-rock and roll."

Richard is an extraordinary performer, he had cultivated an image as a kind of serious Cajun primitive, and now, with a grinning jig that owes as much to Mick Jagger as to Gilles Tiersot, he improvises, modfies, and

almost—but not quite—masks what he used to do. Reminded of Richard's emotional statements in the past about his roots, a friend says with a smile, "He doesn't talk about that much anymore." With three albums out in French, and another planned, Zachary Richard is now thinking of heading toward the American market.

Quebec has been a springboard for this Cajun rocker, moving through folk

to a larger audience in rock. How did that happen? "At the beginning it had to do with the fact that we came from Louisiana and spoke French," Richard concedes. "There was an immediate affinity. Here we were from 2,000 miles away, speaking French just as heurats as theirs." But the resident, ever more successful? Richard smirks. "Since then, I think it's just because we've got the best band around." Graham Fraser



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It's not enough, apparently, that the Winnipeg pedestrian has to trudge through blizzards and near-buck winds to cross a downtown street in February. This season, when a new \$6-million underground concourse is completed, the pedestrian who ventures across Portage and Main may also get slapped with a ticket. Winnipeg city council wants to make it illegal for Winnipeggers to cross that famous intersection on foot, instead there will be directed



a new underground walkway—which, conveniently enough, leads to an underground (and so far, underused) shopping development, the Lombard Commons.

Boulogne, not blizzard, is the new philosophy as harners go up at the four corners of the intersection to discourage any freethinkers from taking a surface bite. A \$7-million, 1,000-car underground parking garage (stage one of a rather subterranean commercial development) will be completed next month and work as the walkway continues.

With all the pedestrian safety shoe-horned underground, traffic snarled up by construction for the past year should flow smoothly around Portage and Main. And just visible above the hems of cars moving through this winter's slush will be the traffied heap of computer cash registers, moping up sales underground. Not that anyone will be left up top to hear it, of course.

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## The Anne industry

The adventures of the poor, red-haired orphan Anne Shirley adjusting to her new home and family may well be the only thing more popular with youngsters than about Prince Edward Island—or Canada for that matter. For in the 70 years since it was first published, *Lady Madeleine Montgomery's* touching story of *Anne of Green Gables* has earned a spot among the children's classics of the world, famous around the globe, positively a cult in Japan.

Back in 1908, Anne has enormous loyalty to the provincial coffers, attracting adoring tourists to the Montgomery home in Cavendish, the model for Green Gables. From the story came the musical, a staple of the Charlottetown Summer Festival in recent years. And now comes *Perivinkle Press*, a new publishing company that has had its foot in the door since 1987's *Anne's* spin-off.

Perivinkle is the brainchild of P.E.I. graphic designer/author Molly Hughes, 31, who earlier this year was looking for a project to alleviate his financial problems. He came up with a 32-page coloring book, *The Anne of Green Gables Picture Book*, with beautiful, bold drawings by Gallant himself filling the 10-by-14-inch pages, and a price tag by Winnipeg writer Molly Hughes. Like everything connected with Anne, it's been a runaway success—the first run of 50,000 went, as soon as it was available last month. Gallant immediately went to work on other quality children's projects, and Perivinkle Press was born.



Gallant's formula is to design for two markets at the same time. "I believe the visuals should not only fascinate children but appeal to adults," he explains. "And I have no interest in presenting ideas that are regional or parochial—they are universal."

Gallant won't talk about his other ideas yet other than to say he'll be stay-

Gallant's formula is to design for two markets at the same time.

ing away from image books—the "C-G-for-old" variety—and stressing ecology, the environment and similar themes. Meanwhile he's off around the world promoting *Anne*, with stops in Europe and, of course, Japan. *Sharon Kowalev*

## Treating 'grass' with new respect

A pregnancy nudges out foetus in the last few days of the pregnancy—most of the last follicle of severely underdeveloped pressure—is showing signs of an escape change. The medical profession is taking a closer look at the pituitary powers on certain diseases of the menopause's endocrine system. Turning menopause into medicine may sound like saying that nature's own good for your best, but the facts are beginning to mount.

Five American hospitals have studied under way on the end of the last line in Canada. Manitoba's Cancer Treatment and

Research Foundation in Winnipeg has begun research on the possible benefits of the last cancer patients undergoing chemotherapy.

The treatment of cancer with chemicals often causes nausea and vomiting, side effects that may be alleviated. To test this, the Winnipeg program is working with 100 patients, men and women over 50, suffering from a variety of cancers. Treatment consists of following a regular chemotherapy session with a day at the hospital during which half the patients take large capsules of the others get a conventional anticancer compound or a placebo.

That's if no rock music played in the headphones. In fact, Dr. Martin Levitt, director of the program, has found music-induced vomiting by the media date inflicting. He

didn't have any serious problem getting fed and approval to use the drug. He says: "I believe they did check out the scientific soundness of the program very, very carefully. Before giving the patients the capsules we explain to them in great detail that they might get side effects, particularly a decrease in the sense of time. A minute can seem like an hour."

The results of the 15-month \$30,000 Winnipeg project won't be in until next year. Last month, however, since legalized the use of marijuana for cancer patients and those suffering from uncontrollable glaucoma (this helps reduce pressure inside the eyeball which left untreated can lead to blindness) if the outcome is positive for Winnipeg's hospitalized patients, marijuana will have one more cautious look-in of approval from doctors. *Peter Carby-Gardner*

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## Is there a shaman in the house?

From another culture's point of view, the paraphernalia of modern medicine must look odd: dressed in white garments, they shine lights in their patients' ears and make marks in a secret language on a piece of paper. Pass this note over a "drug counter" and it returns, miraculously, as a vial of pellets. Sometimes these pellets help and sometimes they don't, but the sick still cling to their poignant faith in "doctors," as they're called.

However some native Indians prefer to consult their own healers. In the northern Ontario town of Kenora, where 50 per cent of the population is native (they expect the number to double in 10 years), the Lake of the Woods District Hospital has made a recommendation to the District Health Council that a native healer be added to its medical team. "What we want to do," explains hospital administrator Richard Schneider, "is provide a link be-



Between the native people and the hospital medical team. There's a great gap

in culture and this would be one way to bridge it."

Hospital in New Mexico and Arizona already use healers, and in B.C., native elders have begun to work alongside native paramedics, with good results.

With the vanguard of Western medicine now "discovering" a more holistic approach to health care (treatment of the whole person, not just an isolated symptom), such appointments are no longer diplomatic concessions to an obsolete past, in some circles, traditional healing methods have turned up again as cost-effective progress.

Schneider sees this as an important step in developing a community health program in a town with a serious alcoholism problem among the natives. "Native people respect their healers and they provide important psychological and physical support. The healer would still work in the native community, but he'd also be a consultant on our team, which would allow us all to compare notes." And some medical school professors may discover that powdered wiles (the root of the blue iris) and a little ritual are not so far removed from Tylenol and "call me in the morning."

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for over two and a half centuries.

## Nixon seeks his rightful place

Right now, in his heavily guarded compound at San Clemente, California, Richard Nixon is casting off his enigmatic character to search a new, vintage persona. Tired of his four years of self-imposed exile, confident that Watergate has lost its sting, Nixon wants to take his "rightful" place in the power structure, as a kind of older statesman or perhaps a consultant to the White House.

Last month Nixon went to New York



to sign a contract for a book about the challenges facing America one of them, presumably, being how to rehabilitate the author. "My book will address the whole American political system," he revealed, "the presidency, Congress, the courts, the media. And I hope it will be read by the opinion makers in this country."

But first, the book must be written, a task that Nixon plans to complete by spring. Next on the to-do list is Australia, was the first country approached, and the first to close the door, gently but firmly, in Nixon's face. Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser, worried that he wouldn't be able to provide adequate protection, said Australia should be robbed of Nixon's treasury. Less generously, the Sydney Sunday Telegraph ran an editorial entitled "Stop Nixon Now."

A book, a world tour, some political maneuvering—like a Chinese rat, Nixon is taking shape again. Sure, sure, different stripes.

William Lowther

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# Crying on the inside

After reading Barbara Amiel's article, *But How Will They Teach Little Girls*... (Sept. 18), I can assure her that the issue of sex-role stereotyping is no laughing matter to adolescents. As a psychologist I have conducted a number of studies of personality development as well as having counselled a number of individuals. I have always considered it a tragedy to see intelligent, ambitious young females overwhelmed by the society associated with society's expectations for "good young ladies." Speaking for myself only, I would like to praise the ministry for its new guidelines and its innovations in curriculum development.

DORIS RAFFAEL,  
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF  
EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY  
UNIVERSITY OF  
WESTERN ONTARIO  
LONDON

# A plea of Not Guilty

I feel Heather Menzies' *Rebels and Debate columns*, *If We're to Discover Our Own Truth*... (Sept. 4), is petty. We are sick and tired of being accused of sins we have not committed and of attitudes of mind we don't possess. We have been told by the French that we have no future, no identity and no goals. They, of course, possess these wonderful attributes. Menzies says that some confess "I guess I always saw (the French) as a conquered people..." What Anglophone would ever dream of saying or thinking anything so stupid as that? Furthermore, you can't really think

that we swallow the tale of the two founding nations. The Indians and Eskimos were here long before the white settlers, and those so-called primitive people taught their lifestyles to these settlers who could never have withstood the harsh climate without such guidance. Everybody founded this country.

PHYLLIS EVANS, SUDBURY, ONT.

# Not-so-secret admirer

I wish Judith Timmon had made it clear when she quoted me on the subject of Patsy Galton in her article, *Thursday Night Fever* (Sept. 18), that I was



Galton to know her is to love her

among "others on the musical scene" who indeed praised both her dedication and competence. By only quoting my opinion that she appears to be a talented twit without making my views on her

talent, skill and sheer hard work plain to your readers, you have no doubt upset Patsy, of whom I am very fond.

RICHARD FLORIN, SCOTIA  
THE CANADIAN COMPOSER, TORONTO

# The non-participant

In Walter Stewart's article on Charles Levinson, *The Big Fix* (Aug. 21), Levinson claims that General Motors actively assisted the Germans war effort by building Jugglers for the Nazis. Nothing could be further from the truth, and Levinson misstates former employee of our company, who are, for the most part, no longer here to defend themselves. In the years prior to 1939, Adam Opel (a GM subsidiary since 1929) had produced only no traditional products—cars, trucks, and spare parts. After the German invasion of Poland in 1939, the American personnel resigned from management positions rather than participate in the production of war materials being used against future allies. With these resignations, though it temporarily retained nominal representation on the board, GM relinquished effective control over the day-to-day operations of Opel. The last of GM's American employees who had been assigned to Opel departed from Germany in early March, 1941. Following the German declaration of war on the United States on Dec. 11, 1941, the relationship with Opel was entirely severed. No Americans sat on the board of directors, even nominally, after that time. Opel, while under GM control, possessed no special aircraft production technology. Levinson also claims that GM "was working on a deal to build heavy trucks in Russia." We have no such plans in existence—now or in the future. So the answer to Stewart's question about what we are "up to" in the Soviet Union is "nothing."

N. M. HALL, MANAGER, NEWS RELATIONS,  
PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPT.,  
GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA LTD.,  
GRANBY, ONT.

# Function over form

After reading your article, *Good You Aren't There* (Sept. 18), I have a late suggestion as to what the crime of Winnipeg should have done with the huge, yellow creature that devastated them from sitting around and watching the cars race: make it into a plow, and sell it to the highest bidder. For a city that really seems to resist change, Winnipeg still shows itself to the rest of the

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country as nothing more than an overgrown farm town.

J. C. WHITTAKER, VANCOUVER

### One right makes a wrong

In your story on Queen Elizabeth's visit to Canada, *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (Aug. 19), you published a photograph of the Queen which obviously was printed



Her Majesty refused: move to the left

in reverse. The Queen, above all others, knows full well that the Order of Canada as well as other decorations are always worn on the left side. Your picture leads your readers to believe that Her Majesty was improperly dressed when she attended a state dinner in St. John's. I can assure you from my own personal observations that this was not the case.

DONALD C. BARTER, MAJOR,  
PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE  
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF  
NEWFOUNDLAND, ST. JOHN'S

### Little cause to cheer

Judith Thorne's article examining the current state of cheerleading in the *CPL*, *Source for Glory* (Aug. 18), makes me feel terribly rebuffed that I completed five happy years of cheering for the Saskatchewan Roughriders before such wonderfully progressive social thinkers as Don Courtney and Dick Skutumpah began their destructive intervention into the activities of the midwives. Rather, cheering was something one could feel good about; it was simply energetic, lighthearted and innocent fun. Sadly, it now appears to be no more than contrived, degrading exploitation of young women who are led to believe that they should enjoy being the objects of negative smirking in the name of entertainment. Talent or intelligence be damned. These are, after all, only women, and "what the hell else are women for?" Have we ever come a long way, baby—*down it all the way!*

HEATHER MCLEOD, TORONTO

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- 1977 Jimmy Edwards, Hamilton
- 1978 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1979 Mike Barber, Calgary
- 1980 Tim Winters, Edmonton
- 1981 Les McGee, Edmonton
- 1982 Garry Briley, Hamilton
- 1983 Don Jones, Winnipeg
- 1984 Ron Leachman, Saskatchewan
- 1985 Ray Jackson, Ottawa
- 1986 Bill Burton, Toronto
- 1987 Peter Lukic, Calgary
- 1988 Sam Jackson, Ottawa
- 1989 George Reed, Saskatchewan
- 1990 Lowell Coleman, Calgary
- 1991 Sam Jackson, Ottawa
- 1992 George Dixon, Montreal
- 1993 Bernie Fisher, Hamilton
- 1994 John Porter, Edmonton
- 1995 John Porter, Edmonton
- 1996 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1997 Joe Parker, Edmonton
- 1998 Pat Robinson, Montreal
- 1999 Pat Robinson, Montreal
- 2000 Sam Elchert, Montreal
- 2001 Pat Robinson, Montreal

## MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1973 Ray Nettles, B.C.
- 1974 John Helton, Calgary
- 1975 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1976 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1977 John LaCross, Edmonton
- 1978 Ron Leachman, Ottawa
- 1979 Ed McQuinn, Saskatchewan
- 1980 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1981 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1982 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1983 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1984 John Hartman, Hamilton
- 1985 Frank Brown, Winnipeg
- 1986 Herb Gray, Winnipeg
- 1987 Bruce Nelson, Edmonton
- 1988 Don Latta, Calgary
- 1989 Kay Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1990 Kay Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1991 Tim Coulter, Montreal



## MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1978 Don Tuckman, Montreal
- 1979 Charles Turner, Edmonton
- 1980 Ed George, Montreal

## MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1977 Don Kealey, Edmonton
- 1978 Bill Baker, B.C.
- 1979 Joe Campbell, Toronto
- 1980 John Helton, Calgary

## MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1977 Lorne Bagby, B.C.
- 1978 John Smith, B.C.
- 1979 Tony Gonsky, Ottawa
- 1980 Sam Gonsky, Toronto
- 1981 John Rodgers, Montreal
- 1982 Chuck Lacey, Hamilton

## MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1978 Tony Gabriel, Hamilton
- 1979 Jim Friel, Ottawa
- 1980 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1981 Larry Ogden, Ottawa
- 1982 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1983 Terry Evans, Montreal
- 1984 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1985 Sam Jackson, Ottawa
- 1986 Ken Nelson, Winnipeg
- 1987 Terry Evans, Calgary
- 1988 Sam Jackson, Ottawa
- 1989 Sam Kary, Hamilton
- 1990 Tony Grant, Hamilton
- 1991 Sam Jackson, Ottawa
- 1992 Harvey Wolfe, Calgary
- 1993 Tony Papadimitrak, Calgary
- 1994 Ron Stewart, Ottawa
- 1995 Sam Jackson, Ottawa
- 1996 Ron Stewart, Hamilton
- 1997 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg
- 1998 Norm Kravik, Edmonton
- 1999 Norm Kravik, Edmonton
- 2000 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg

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#### Ah shucks...

Not to go overboard about it, the first  
weekly edition of Maclean's is simply  
magnificent. An unqualified triumph?  
Absolutely first-rate all the way—  
writing, coverage, layout, illustrations,  
even the advertising. You must feel an  
extraordinary sense of accomplish-  
ment, sufficient I hope to warrant  
your undoubted exhaustion. In a coun-  
try very badly in need of a touch of  
class, Canada's weekly newsmagazine  
provides the full services of an inspired  
editorial staff (or staffs).

JOHN CLARK DON MILLS DART

The new *Maclean's* has impressed me in  
several ways: larger print, shorter ar-  
ticles, and a greater variety to choose  
from. Now I must finish reading the  
first issue before the next one arrives.

PETER KULIK, WINNIPEG

#### Blurred revision

Barbara Amiel signs in a piece of anis-  
tactical hucksterism while putting down  
Theodore H. White's *In Search of His-*

*tory* in her book review, *The Mirror of  
Jin Wags* (Sept. 6). She states "It was  
Roosevelt who, after spilling much  
American blood (rightly) to get rid of  
the Nazis, handed over half the world to  
their Communist agents." Let's assume  
she means the installation of  
Communist governments in China and  
in Eastern Europe. When all the King's  
horses and all the king's men could  
never put Chiang Kai-shek together  
again, does she think that F.D.R. could  
reverse the results of two decades of  
civil war and snatch victory away from  
the Chinese Red Army? Do the immen-  
sional struggles of these Orientals  
count for nothing if they displease  
white Western leaders? After four  
years of pro-Soviet propaganda, I do not  
think that Roosevelt could have mustered  
support for an armed confrontation  
with the Soviet Union in 1945 to  
prevent Eastern Europe.

RICHARD VON FUCHS, GUELPH, ONT.

#### Clothes encounters

Never before have I seen such a low  
quality and unappealing fashion dis-  
play of women's attire as was portrayed

in your article, *Canada in its Fashion*  
(Sept. 4). If this offering is to represent  
Canada's contribution to the world of  
fashion, neither politician appears to be



firmly entrenched in the country's gar-  
ment industry. Since when has it be-  
come appealing to the general public to  
see women dressed in modified men's  
bowties, neckties, trousers, bow ties,  
vests, and sport jackets? If men were to  
follow the same extreme, their sexual  
identity would be in immediate ques-  
tion. Those red-eyed, sexual zombies  
purporting to be models in their ill-  
fitting clothes have no place in a na-  
tional publication that is a reflection of  
our country's character.

D. J. LAFROSSE, GRANDE-ROCHE, ALBA

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when the good sherry is  
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**CFRB 1010**  
THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO



Prince Philip, 55 for ailing

## A medicine hat in Winnipeg

What price royalty? Organizers of Winnipeg's St. Boniface General Hospital Research Foundation fund-raising drive are hoping it's high — high enough to attract 3,000 patrons to a \$50-a-plate dinner Oct. 15, at which Prince Philip will receive the foundation's international medal. Although the Prince doesn't have the academic qualifications of the two previous medal winners (heart-transplant surgeon Dr. Christian Barnard and Dr. James Ball, discoverer of polio vaccine), as a proponent of physical fitness he'll be awarded the medal for his contribution to preventive medicine. Adding another royal touch to the festivities, the foundation will raffie a bicorn hat, the trademark of Buckingham Palace's guardsmen. The fund-raiser, who paid \$275 for the hat, will at least save on duty. The official banquets are made in Ottawa.

## No tickes, no Mickey

Ring vases, acrobats and proverbs were once the standard cultural fare exported by China to North America. But with Madame Mao's merry Gang of Four no longer mutilating the arts, the West is in for more substantive stuff...such as Walt Disney bamboo-style. Recently, Shanghai Film Studio released *The Opium War*, a film made 15 years ago and

the first Chinese feature film to be screened in the U.S. (Now playing in New York, the movie will be shown in selected Canadian theatres sometime in November.) The movie, which deals with the 1839-1842 conflict between the British and the Chinese over control of the drug market, was sent to New York unbranded and in Chinese. "We made it commercial by cutting out the slow parts and adding subtitles," said Walter Daniels of Sino-American Ltd., the company handling the film. "There'll be more movies coming. One in a cartoon about a monkey which we think will give Disney studios a run for their money."

## While California's dreamin' is Canada asleep?

On award Jarvis, the 78-year-old revolutionary who spearheaded California's Proposition 13 (the citizen referendum which lowered property tax by over 50 per cent), will bring his anti-tax handbags to Canada. On Oct. 28, Jarvis will be the guest speaker at a Toronto conference on real property taxes in Ontario, so far his visit hasn't created much interest. Open Ltd., organizers of the program, admit, "We're not drawing the crowd we expected." Although David American Tax Reduction Movement garnered 1.6 million signatures to launch the California initiative, so far only 100 taxpayers have signed up for the one-day conference.



Howard Jarvis, propositioning up north

INTERN  
REVENUE  
SERVICE

## News

### Cover Story

30

### The end of a beginning

Press and said a churchman: the world had suddenly been orphaned. Pope John Paul, a gentle, pastoral man, died peacefully in his sleep at age 65 in the 54th day of his papacy. A man whose serene and self-disciplined sense of humor had captivated a restless world, he had no time to alter church policies and had barely begun to outline for himself the awful burden of the chair of Peter. Once again, as the 112 cardinal priests of the church receive their way to Rome for a month's convocation, speculation swirls as to John Paul's successor. Ministers examine the impact of his sudden death and look at the recurring dangers of division within the church.



### Canadian News

The letter carrier's return had briefly postal workers will likely be the end. Quebec's right to keep using armed on currency irregularities showed in the Operation riding of L'Oratoire: a former murder trial in Winnipeg, 10 years after the murder, police caught on at Ottawa. The monetary news is right ahead. Can spend in Canada. Joe Clark's new mega plan.

World news  
Center two to another coup. The time on strategic arms. China and Vietnam agree to a nuclear 'talk talk, right talk' deal. The US takes tough over Mexico, with the song 'shockers' in some San Francisco. A Chinese at back in normal. Canada sports teams for some of the world's best people in the South China Sea. Europe's trip again the pulling his Toronto out of business the desert, still under Morocco a King Hassan.

Recent  
A middle world watches Canada's dollar slide on the red line. Winnipeg gold buy  
Sport  
The secret of Han-Su's pitching success



# How many mailing days before Christmas?

By Ian Urquhart

A half-part midnight on Sept. 25, André Ouellet, acting labor minister, and Bob MacFarlane, president of the Letter Carriers' Union of Canada, emerged beaming from a conference room on the top floor of one of the shabby, new office towers the government has built across the river from Parliament Hill in Hull, Quebec. Trained by a dozen aides and colleagues, the two men navigated their way through the discarded press cartoons and soft-drink cans that had saturated the press during an 11½-hour vigil. We have reached an agreement, they told the reporters. "Collective bargaining is obviously based on compromise," said Ouellet. "But I think it is a responsible contract that is in the best interests of the employees and the Canadian public."



Picking letter carriers in Saint John, who says money's "absolutely" unavailable.

Thus came to an end the latest strike in what seems a never-ending series of disruptions by postal employees. It was not a long strike for the post office—it lasted just four days compared to six weeks in the last major dispute, which

involved the inside workers. But it appeared destined to go on longer before last week's surprising turn of events. When negotiations broke off the previous week, it seemed only Parliament would end the strike by legislating the men back to work. This move was reversed the following day when Postmaster-General Gilles Lamontagne and Treasury Board President Robert Andrus held a joint press conference to declare there was "absolutely" no more money available in the government's coffers for settling the dispute at the bargaining table.

At the beginning of last week, Ouellet chaired a meeting of a subcommittee of cabinet charged with drafting legislation to order the letter carriers back to work. Simultaneously, the carriers' bargaining team was meeting at union headquarters in Ottawa's suburban west end. Tipped off by a source on Trudeau's staff that the cabinet subcommittee

was preparing back-to-work legislation, the letter carriers began devising a counter-strategy to try to exploit the splits they believed existed among the ministers. As the carriers saw it, both Ouellet and Allan MacIsaac, known

as small-l liberals in the cabinet, were loath to take away a union's right to strike after just four days and would be open to suggestions that negotiations be resumed. They contacted Bill Kelly, assistant deputy minister of labor (see box), with an offer to get back to the table if Ouellet—not Lamontagne or Andrus—represented the government. Kelly took the message to the cabinet subcommittee, which voted it around for two hours. Finally, Ouellet phoned MacFarlane. "Would the letter carriers call off their strike for 24 hours if he agreed to meet them?" Ouellet asked MacFarlane and they weaved, and the talks were back on again.

The two sides met the next day, Sept. 25, at 1 p.m. at the labor department's headquarters in Hull. With Kelly brokering the union's arm and with Ouellet pressing his cabinet colleagues, particularly Andrus, to loosen the government's purse strings, they had a settlement 11½ hours later.

Under the settlement, still to be ratified by the union membership, the base carrier's wage goes up immediately to \$7.08 from \$6.68 an hour, an increase of three cents over the government's "final" offer of \$7.05. The union calculates that the new contract



Ouellet and MacFarlane with one more deal: the letter carriers get ready for the next bargaining

package, including fringe benefits and wage hikes for carriers in higher classification, represents an increase of 2.1 per cent in the first year, up from 0.5 per cent previously offered by the government as a demonstration of its flexibility.

Does the same thing with the other side? Kelly himself says the two ticks of his watch are perception and timing, in that order, in mediation. "You have to watch for every trained eyebrow," he declares. "I see I've said it's a how it's said." Then when a settlement appears near: If you try to force a decision before everybody's ready, it can result in a blowup." That requires patience, as when Kelly has an audience. He sat out of the bargaining table as long as he had to (his record is 36 straight hours) to wing out a settlement.

A pragmatic advocate of the collective bargaining process, Kelly considers his task "based" whenever Parliament is called to bring in an act to a dispute by legislation as happened with the railways in 1973 and the longshoremen in 1975, and almost happened last week with the letter carriers. "When Parliament has to be used, the system has broken down," he says. "Every time you do it you leave a little impact that the law behind. Kelly devotes his time to ensuring it doesn't happen too often."

Ian Urquhart

minutes in retreat.

The winners in the dispute were evidently the carriers, who were openly gloating over their end run around the back-to-work bill, and Ouellet, who returned to the spotlight after two years in the relatively obscure urban affairs portfolio. The carrier leaders were Lamontagne and Andrus, who put their credibility on the line at their joint press conference with their final declarations that no more money was available for the striking carriers. To emphasize the point, the very day Ouellet was bargaining with the union, Lamontagne released the text of a speech which said: "We simply cannot offer the letter carriers more money. There is no more." By the time he actually delivered the speech, Lamontagne changed the line to say: "We simply cannot make the letter carriers a much more generous offer."

Have the public furor in the settlement? Mail service has been restored without the government's having to pay an exorbitant price. But the relief will almost certainly be short-lived. The militant inside workers will be in a legal position to strike by mid-month and no one expects their dispute to be as easy to settle as the carriers' was, so wide in the gap between union and management. Is an attempt to bridge that gap, the post office went over the head of the union last month to appeal directly to the inside workers in a public relations

## Adventures of a master strike-fixer

Bill Kelly, a stocky, balding-headed, grinning Irish-Canadian, looks more like a union boss than a senior civil servant. In fact, he was labor-relations vice-president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and ran a colonial car strike in 1958 before he joined the public service. Now, 72 years later, the 54-year-old Kelly is assistant deputy minister of labor and a university recipient of one of the highest, if not the best, medals in the country. His record includes successful mediation of difficult disputes involving railway employees and longshoremen. And, in the last six weeks alone, he has been instrumental in ending two conflicts at Air Canada and one at the post office.

Kelly operates: not what's said, but how



CONTRAST PHOTO











## Dirty work north: how the CIA keeps tabs on Canada

It's Washington circles. William Schapp is known as a lefty-view expert by day and spy-writer by night, comparing, in these up-probably drink hours, articles dedicated to exposing Central Intelligence agents and other people he calls "Pugs of imperialism." Considering his occasional hobby it was hardly a surprise when Schapp, at drawing the Law Union of Ontario in Toronto last week, boldly stated that the CIA has as many as 20 agents now conducting clandestine activities in Canada. Making matters even more ticklish for American embassy officials in Ottawa, taking by such observation before Schapp went one step further, he named some of the agents.

Schapp likes to refer to the just-published book *Dirty Work* by Philip Agee, a CIA agent himself for 12 years, and co-editor Louis Wolf. Schapp's personal inclination is to offend and director of the commission that owns the book and is TOR. On biographies Schapp first mentions a that Nancy Hulse, one of the biographies, was "quite a big shot in the CIA, in charge of its operations in Ottawa for three years until late this past year."



Evangelist Agee counting Ottawa's spies

near when he released. As Schapp tells the tale, Hulse acted under the cover of an attaché at the American embassy. Another official now working at the embassy, diplomat Mike

Ray, is believed to be a double-crosser. Not higher, operations officer in the undercover agency. A third man, Joseph Bernack, was also a CIA agent under the cloak of the American embassy, but left Ottawa about a year ago. Wolf says other CIA agents in Canada are disguised under "deep cover," working as professors, businessmen and journalists.

In defending itself, the American embassy at Ottawa will only repeat the stock reply: "The U.S. government conducts no espionage operations in Canada." But even if only in the Canadian department of external affairs freely admit there are CIA spies in Ottawa, openly exchanging intelligence material with federal agencies such as the RCMP in Washington official on word is "no comment." But one source close to the CIA told Agee's there are agents in Ottawa, but only those whose presence is known by the federal government. "We would never run a clandestine agent in Canada," says the source. "If such an agent were caught the political implications would be tremendous." Yet strangely enough, when Agee published another book back in 1975, he identified two CIA agents who had been working in Canada: John Casar and Virginia Gonzalez. Both left the country before their cover was blown, but Gonzalez later readily admitted his role. And the federal government in turn admitted it had been utterly unaware of their real status north of the longest undeklined border in the world.

Julienne LaRochelle/William Lowther

## The Realm

## A houseguest's gift from Santa Joe

When Conservative leader Joe Clark announced his plan to make mortgage-interest payments tax deductible last month, even his own advisers were taken aback by the odds of good publicity to get. Housing developers, construction unions and homeowners—all people with a vested interest in the scheme—joined in their praise. After the initial news reports, however, economists and editorialists began chipping away at Clark's proposal, calling it grossly inequitable (the 37 per cent of Canadian families who rent would get nothing, economically unaided if it would eventually slash federal revenues by more than \$1.5 billion at a time when the government's deficit is already exorbitantly high), and ultimately perverse (by driving up the demand for houses, it would also push up their price, thereby wiping out much, if not all, of the savings from the tax break).

Clark selling the Liberals  
can't buying



Then, last week, the governing Liberals, demonstrating that they are not dead yet, turned their big guns on the Clark plan. In a one-day blitzkrieg, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, Treasury Board President Robert Andrien and Finance Minister Jean Charest all attacked the plan in speeches and statements in Toronto and Ottawa, variously describing it as "wildly costly," an "example of cynicism," and "a tax break to the rich." Clark, caught off guard by saying his plan would help "many people who may be considered rich by Mr. Charest, but who don't consider themselves rich," and by suggesting the Liberals would eventually avoid the idea as they have other Conservative platforms. But there is one program the Liberals do not intend to steal. Instead, they are hoping the mortgage tax-break scheme will develop into Clark's "wage-price controls"—something that sounds like a good idea at first but is vulnerable to attack on many fronts. Just as Robert Stanfield was put on the defensive in the 1974 election with his proposal for controls, so, the Liberals believe, Clark will be forced to defend his plan as the public grows more aware of its implications. "I know the public," says Charest. "I know they don't like it when we're moving around and playing Santa Claus."

Len Urquhart

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# TOSHIBA





Cover Story

# The end of a beginning

By Angela Fomante

**T**he many Roman Catholics he seemed to be a soldier, someone open to the "little wars" had perished. Just when their humble, beloved new pontiff had started to calm the turbulent forces of change within the church with the warmth of his smile, Pope John Paul I was dead of a heart attack. The reign of the papal saint, the pastoral man chosen so quickly and almost unanimously to be the symbol of unity in a divided house, lasted a mere 33 days, the shortest in 400 years.

Typically, the last words of the diminutive, frail former patriarch of Venice were of concern for others. He had just heard of the murder of a young Communist youth in Rome at the hands of right-wing thugs. Weighed down by this further proof of the growing divisions in his country—which troubled him almost as much as those within his church—he said sadly: "Even the young people kill each other." Then, alone with a book of 16th-century meditations, he went to bed and died, peacefully, the reading light left on. His private secretary, Father John Mager,



Mourners at St. Peter's: the quasi-burial rite

found him in the morning. Agnus bereft of leadership, the world's 500 million Catholics might well wonder along with Carlo Confalonieri, the 85-year-old dean of the College of Cardinals, at the "remarkable design of the Lord."

Now, once again, the gold ring of the Fisherman, the official papal seal, meant he clasped with a hammer and chisel. Once again, the body of the pontiff lay in state beneath the fresco of angels in the Vatican's Clementine Hall, wearing a white robe and a red chasuble. The 65-year-old pontiff, whose ruddy face, aglow behind steel-rimmed glasses, so softly endeared itself to his followers, would be buried in the grotto beneath St. Peter's Basilica chosen by Pope Paul VI when he so recently succeeded. And once again, the 112 cardinals, most of them elderly and still exhausted from the last conclave a little more than a month ago, are flocking to Rome to begin on Oct. 14 to choose a successor—the 26th Pope—to fill the spiritual vacuum. That the vacuum is great even after so short a papacy was admitted repeatedly by newsmen around the world. As one fearful woman told television viewers: "We needed someone to

bring us together again. And now he's been taken away. Why?"

While Vaticanologists in Rome discussed the notion that the untimely death amounted to a message to the church, cardinals and bishops were already interpreting what that message might mean according to their own hopes and visions. And there were already signs that the polemization of conservatism and progressivism—which the choice of Aloisio Luteran had seemed to moderate, albeit briefly—might be renewed. Such progressives as Franz Cardinal König of Vienna who have fought for so long to decentralize the church's structure blamed John Paul's death on the archaic system that makes the Pope at times an unwilling dictator and a virtual prisoner in the 10,000-room Vatican, overwhelmed by the 2,000-strong curia, the church bureaucracy. The Pope, as the leader of one of the wealthiest "superpowers" with an extended diplomatic corps, gets in grueling 16-hour days of audiences and prayers tending to the temporal and spiritual needs of a vast citizenry. Such König's

the noble death of the Pope must be a warning of the mental and physical overburdening of the Pope and must point to the necessity of sharing the tasks.

But the sharing of papal power and burden with the world's bishops, one of the main recommendations of the recent council of Vatican II in the early 1960s, has been stoutly opposed by traditionalists who see it as an erosion of church purity. Those who reoriented the appointments, the renewal started by Pope John XXIII and continued by Pope Paul—whose names the latter Pope had inherited along with their mission to reform "at a moderate pace of change"—may find they have another opportunity to resist. As Spain's Cardinal Rafael Garriga Tassara put it, "This will be an ordeal for the church." At the very least, says Torrella's Archbishop Rosetti, Carsten "The lesson God is teaching us is that no one is infallible. It's the consistency of the church that is important."

Nonetheless, the loss of Pope John Paul, a true "Pope," left many Catholics, among them Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, "feeling the orphan." The son of a socialist bricklayer, who like many modest Italians had to trek to Switzerland each year to support his family, Aloisio Luteran grew up in a tiny, very village in the Dolomite Alps. Graduating in dogmatism at the Gregorian University in Rome, he was ordained in 1958 but returned to his home in the Veneto region to teach religion in a vocational school. His rise through sheer good parochial work—he was named bishop of Vittorio Veneto in 1968, promoted to patriarch in 1969 and

## The last day of John Paul

**I**n the morning of the day he died, Aloisio Luteran, Pope John Paul was 65 and at 5:30. After washing and shaving with his electric razor, he spent about an hour in prayer and reading, reflecting on the distribution of the Apostolic Palace. At 7 a.m. he walked to the Vatican Chapel to celebrate mass for his two private secretaries and four nuns of the order of Maria Barenza who took care of the papal apartments and governed all the Pope's meals.

At 7:30 a.m. he had his usual breakfast of coffee, milk and bread. He then retired to his study for an hour's work. His daily audiences began promptly at 8 a.m. During the morning, he met with the heads of several Vatican organizations, as well as Monsignor Giuseppe Ponzo, the Pope's delegate to Brazil, and Monsignor Julio Dondos, the Pa-

The Pope had much to ponder a Sunday?



cardinal in 1970—set him apart from most of the papal outsiders who had earned their exalted posts mastering the intricate intrigues of the curia or papal diplomacy abroad. Aloisio had never been outside Italy until he took a trip to Brazil last year. Instead he was renowned as the "Angelic cardinal" who torched his large gold cross in his pocket as he made his parish rounds.

Chosen in what seemed to be an inspired gesture by the cardinals to fill the spiritual hunger for a man of the masses, a new style "Pope priest," his

papal representatives to The Netherlands. At 11 a.m. the Pope received a delegation of Philippine bishops.

At 1:05 p.m. his first lunch, prepared by the 470-year-old Galilei Clinic, who came from Pope Paul's home region of Veneto. A light lunch, he was called twice, followed and a conventual pudding called gelato. He had a glass of wine with the meal, followed by a cup of espresso. He then went to church on his knees. He remained there for 15 minutes, he said.

Unlike his immediate predecessors, Pope John Paul showed an afternoon nap, preferring to spend the time studying Vatican affairs. At 5:36 p.m. the Pope had a cup of tea and at 6 p.m. he received visiting bishops in the Vatican Chapel. At 7:30 he spent a half hour with Jean Cardinal Villot, his secretary of state, discussing routine business. Cardinal Villot later said the Pope was in excellent health and showed no signs of illness. The Pope sat down to dinner at 8:00. Opposed to waste of any kind, he reacted in eating leftovers. After dinner he wrote a list, signed some letters and dictated the day he began when he became Pope. His last phone he made in the morning and Thursday night called Giovanni Cardinal Colombo in Milan. After a brief chat, the Pope asked Cardinal Colombo to pray for him.

At about 10 p.m. the Pope's secretary, Don Luteran, came to his study for the traditional good-night kiss. The Pope then went to bed and began reading. The last book of the Gospel he read before he died was the Gospel of Mark. He died about an hour later. **Theodore Luteran**

appeal by nearly in his ingenious report with people that would turn the cold, formal, papal audiences Pope Paul was known for into joyful sessions. While Paul's entire approach to church reform was intellectual, John Paul possessed "a very practical kind of intelligence" (his description of the way John taught). Even Pope Paul, he refused the usual pomp of the enlightenment ceremony and set aside the crown, the triple throne. That seemed only fitting for a man who called the poor "the true treasure of the church" and had, as his primary duty, advised setting off church volunteers to help the needy. But probably what endeared him most was a serene, earthly laughter he wrote while in Venice to such famous, long-dead authors and fictional characters as Pico della Mirandola, Charles Dickens, and Mark Twain. To the American writer, Twain, he offered what was perhaps the best self-description: "I am one of the poor wretches on the lowest bench of the ecclesiastical tree who only squeak, seeking to offer some small thought regarding the great things."

Cardinals will never know, ultimately, how he would have shaped those themes. He had no time to write ecclesiastical letters or change church struc-



ture. His only formal comment on a touchy issue facing the church—divorce—came two weeks ago, when he told a group of U.S. bishops that "the infidelity of Christian marriage is important. We must predicate it faithfully as part of God's word." In time, no doubt, his basically conservative stance on divorce (the case that drove a Catholic students' union in Venice because the group had advocated it), workers' rights, women priests, involvement of the church in the class struggles of poor countries and, the most controversial of all, the use of artificial contraceptives might have alienated those who want to bring the church into line with modern realities.

But the Pope had already demonstrated his ability to be flexible. Although with great difficulty, he had finally accepted the demise of Vatican II, that Roman Catholicism was no longer the only "true" religion. "I convinced myself we were wrong," he said quite simply. He did, in fact, vote for the VII originally, as a member of the papal consultation on birth control, and fell into line only when Pope Paul made it clear he would not follow its advice.

Perhaps his greatest contribution was to point the way for the kind of leader needed by the world's Catholics. His election had been wrested from the curia's grasp and, seeing his extraordinary success in so brief a time, the cardinals are unlikely to go back to a Pope who is the product of the bureaucracy. Although it is perilous to speculate, as the surprise choice of the completely unknown Luciani showed, it is possible the cardinals will consider first a couple of pastoral candidates who came close to winning in the last conclave. As one Canadian priest put it: "It will be just as if one of the guys had withdrawn."

These would include: Cardinal Carlo-



A future Pope: no ability to be flexible.

acil Urini, the 70-year-old archbishop of Naples, known as a middle-of-the-road moderate; Giuseppe Cardinal Siri, the conservative 72-year-old archbishop of Genoa; and Salvatore Cardinal Pappalardo, 60, of Palermo.

It would be wrong to underestimate, however, the power of the front-runners from the last conclave: the 65-year-old Sergio Pappalardo and Sebastiano Baggio, 65. While the cardinals usually choose men over 80, fearing an overly long reign, the enthusiasm which so evidently pervaded so much for Pope John Paul may lead to the choice of a younger man this time. If so, 55-year-old Gio-

condereis, left in right, Bonelli, Ruffini, Fabiani: while next Pope be a pastor like John Paul or a bureaucrat like Paul VI?



anni Cardinal Bonelli, archbishop of Florence and Pope Paul's right-hand man, would come into the reckoning. He was said last August: "But this time, you're still too young. Perhaps next time." But Bonelli is known primarily as a pope-maker, rather than a candidate, and ironically he was the one to put forward Luciani's name last month.

If, as some are suggesting, the idea of a non-Italian as Pope for the first time in centuries seems more acceptable this time, the front-runner being touted is British cardinal George Basil Hume. At 65, however, he is likely to be considered too radical—he favors ordination of married men for instance—although the sight of him joining around the Vatican might be thought to make the risk worthwhile. The only Canadian to have even a slight chance is George Michall, Archbishop of Winnipeg. The 70-year-old former mayor of Paris, Ontario, is a talented negotiator and independent thinker who supported the reforms of Vatican II and believes that even today the church has many traditional elements that are remaining.

As the cardinals go through the motions of convening daily to run the church—under the name "acting Pope," Jean Cardinal Villot—there is a sense of sad repetition. When Pope Paul died, his long illness had run the church, and after a 35-year reign cardinals could not help but feel a tinge of excitement as many, for the first time, had an opportunity to decide the succession. Now there is some feeling of fatigue. But the overriding reaction still is of wonderment. One of Pope John Paul's favorite authors, William Shakespeare, was closest to the perfect aptitude: "There is a special grandeur in the fall of a sparrow," said Hamlet to Horatio. "Let be." For sparrow read pope.



World News

## SALT talks: a little savor from the White House



Grover Cleveland and Vance: the politics that could mean success.

After six years of intense negotiations, the United States and the Soviet Union are closer than ever this week to reaching a new strategic arms treaty and President Jimmy Carter is achieving a second major international breakthrough after Camp David. The treaty—based on the cornerstone of super-power relations—would be a major step toward making the world a safer place. In a most unusual and unexpected move, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko canceled a return flight to Moscow on Sunday to stay in Washington and carry on bargaining with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. His decision came after four hours of talks with Carter in the Oval Office, on Saturday.

It is understood that Carter—still riding high and confident at home on the success of his Middle East initiative—felt sure enough of his own position to make new concessions that, in turn, eased Gromyko to consider going that extra step toward an accord. Gromyko discussed the developments on Saturday night over the ultra-secure embassy communications link with the Kremlin to accept a new "bottom line" in negotiations could be reached.

Many vital issues remain to be settled and both sides recognize that they cannot be dealt with "by firm" from Moscow. One of Pope John Paul's favorite authors, William Shakespeare, was closest to the perfect aptitude: "There is a special grandeur in the fall of a sparrow," said Hamlet to Horatio. "Let be." For sparrow read pope.

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Two choices seem better than one for a major breakthrough on the framework. This would allow lever-level diplomats to work out the exact technical details over the next few weeks, so that Carter and Gromyko could meet—perhaps in Alaska or Hawaii—before the end of the year to sign a SALT II agreement which would remain in effect until 1985. The new treaty would replace SALT I which was signed in 1972 and expired in October 1977. Since then both sides have agreed to live under the rules of the old treaty.

Three big issues were still under discussion this week: the United States wants the Kremlin to promise in writing that its powerful Redfire bomber—which it fears from even northern bases would be capable of carrying nuclear weapons to U.S. targets and then returning home without refueling—will be deployed only at launch pads beyond any striking distance and that the Redfire's reducing capabilities be limited. The Soviet Union wants the Americans to limit the number of Cruise missiles—potentially but deadly accurate flying bombs with nuclear warheads—20 to 30 aboard any individual aircraft from which they may be launched. Washington has plans to build a special Boeing 747 capable of carrying 10 Cruise missiles at a time. There is some speculation that Carter has made his major concessions by promising not to go ahead with the 747.

The third issue concerns low-flying submarine missiles which will be in each side's arsenal by 1985. The lower a missile flies the faster it gets to its target and the less warning time it provides. If the Soviet Union should put "depressed trajectory" missiles on its submarines and send them within 100 miles of the U.S. coast the missiles could hit the coasts of the country in four minutes, half the time taken by existing missiles fired from submarines.

The two sides are also still arguing about what new missiles to permit during SALT II, and about when the Russians would have to begin cutting their force to the agreed ceiling of 2,500 bombers and missiles. They now have about 2,500. The United States has about 2,000 nuclear "systems" and Washington still will actually be allowed to increase its stockpiles.

The new treaty will have to be approved by the U.S. Senate where, even after November's elections, there will be enough "hawks" left to kill it if they judge it to be "too soft on the Communists." The new missile Carter put on at Camp David, however, may enable him to carry a more successful and far-reaching treaty than even the most optimistic of the "doves" would desire.

William Lovther



## Peace in our time? Well, maybe not

IN 1970, Chinese Foreign Minister Huang told a Western contact that his country needed 20 years of peace to modernize its economy and bring it slowly up to date. Last week that hope began to turn a shade optimistic. Peking reported that on its southern border, the Vietnamese were actually preparing for war—by clearing forests to create belts of fire, growing daisies and setting up new barbed-wire fortifications and for the first time in a month broke off talks with Hanoi about nuclear problems.

Problems? Is a mild term, considering the animosity kindled between the two countries from as long ago as 111 B.C., when China first quietly took over northern Vietnam and ruled for a millennium. Mingli evidence captured Hanoi three times in the 13th century, only to be beaten off each time, and Vietnamese guerrilla resistance proved costly to both Chinese conquest in 1438. For centuries after, Vietnam was a "tributary" state—part of China's cultural, diplomatic and economic hegemony, although officially inferior in all respects to the northern behemoth. The old Chinese name for Vietnam was Annam, or "Paddy the South."

The current problems are twofold: 1) the bad-neighor relations between Vietnam and Cambodia, which have their roots in history but also increasingly reflect current hostility between China, which supports Cambodia and the Soviet Union, which supports Vietnam; 2) Vietnamese misadventure at their one million strong Chinese minority, which has led up to the conflicts at the Chinese-Vietnam border.

Although Moscow and Peking are prancing up the principals, the 10-year-old Vietnam-Cambodia conflict is not strictly a proxy war. Age-old hatreds also come into play. In the past both Thailand and Vietnam swarmed up chukkas at the country, and Cambodia still lays claim to parts of southern Vietnam near Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon) that belonged to the old Khmer empire until the early 18th century. During the Indochina war, the Khmer Rouge guerrillas killed hundreds of Vietnamese living in Cambodia and sent their bodies floating down the Mekong River.

The Soviets, who were the main arms suppliers to North Vietnam in the war, are said to be supplying \$200 million per year to the Hanoi regime, much of that in military supplies. China, too, sent arms and food to North Vietnam during the war, to the tune of \$10 billion over the last 20 years, according

to Chinese Deputy Prime Minister Tung Hsiao-ping. But the flow was cut sharply at the war's end, and reduced even more this spring because of the misadventure of ethnic Chinese in Vietnam. As Vietnam was being cut off, Cambodia was out in. The Chinese have doled out some \$1 billion plus 1,000 technicians to help out the Pinyin-Polish regime since 1975.

Peking sees the Vietnam-Cambodia war as part of a bewildering grand design for the region, an Indochina federation in which Hanoi would give the orders to Laos and Cambodia. This in turn is seen as part of a wider Soviet thrust—to impose on Korea-Colombia security arrangements on Indochina—a plan that Peking has opposed since Mao's first floated it a decade ago. Like the



Americans and French before. China sees its own security bound to that of the regional governments.

A well-planned attack into Cambodia in January showed that Vietnam is unquestionably the stronger military power. Sweeping across the border at the infamous Perle's Gap—a long fought-over sector of Cambodian territory, sitting into southern Vietnam—Vietnam's tough 1st Division pushed ahead to within cannon range of Phnom Penh in 10 days fighting. Since then border incidents have occurred on a smaller scale, and Cambodian guerrillas supported by Hanoi have managed to capture border areas inside Cambodia.

Disturbed by what it considers China's

meeting in its dispute with Cambodia, Hanoi has taken out some of its anger against the ethnic Chinese living in Vietnam. At first its targets were private businessmen in the south treated with benign neglect for several years despite their "capitalist" opinions, and many urban residents were forced to move to the backwoods. But northern Chinese leaders caught up in what the Chinese claim is an outbreak of racial hatred, and the flood of refugees northward swelled into something bigger.

In May, China accused Hanoi of persecuting and expelling Chinese residents, and quickly applied to open a consulate at Ho Chi Minh City to reverse the affairs of 800 Chinese there. Hanoi set the request aside and on June 30, the Chinese, furious at the delay, retaliated by closing three Vietnamese consulates in South China.

By mid-June, China had more than 100,000 Chinese had been expelled or fled from Vietnam. Unlike related Vietnam—they were fleeing because of rumors of persecution to come. And just to show they couldn't be pushed around, Vietnamese boats captured 10 Chinese vessels in Vietnamese waters Aug. 10.

The unpleasantness here came to a head at the Friendship Pass border area. Thousands of Chinese refugees were stranded there from July 12 when the Chinese closed the border to all entrants who did not have the proper papers. Then in the most violent of its latest acts of hatred, the refugees were stampeded across the border, en masse, on Aug. 25. Later that day in the "bottle of the rage," Vietnamese troops crossed the border and occupied a Chinese island.

Talk talks light light—saying up the fighting while negotiating with an armistice being a favorite policy of both Hanoi and Peking, diplomats from both countries sat down Aug. 6 in what quickly degenerated into a series of hostile-calling exercises. Vietnam refused the Chinese request to take back some refugees, saying arms and soldiers would return with them. Finding similar excuses over border attacks, the capture of fishermen and the rising of inland waters, the talks spread to strategic matters. Each side accused the other of wanting to dominate all at all.

The talks broke off at the end of August but soon resumed in the same vein. Then on Sept. 25 Hanoi accused China of massing troops, hundreds of tanks and planes on their mutual border, and on the next day the Chinese left the talks. "Either or it, they will return as anybody a giant."

By the end of the week, both voices seemed as predictable as the rainy season. When the Americans left in 1970, Vietnam's new leaders promised their people 10,000 years of peace. The question they might ask now is, when will that come?

Michael Chapiro

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## By these presences, ye shall know them



As the United Nations and South Africa moved a step nearer compromise last week over Namibia, after days of behind-the-scenes maneuvering and some tough talking from Canadian External Affairs Minister Don Jamieson and other critics, the Security Council came down from the fence and gave the Pretoria government these words in which to rethink its opposition to the UN's plans for Namibian independence. No later than Oct. 31, Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim will report progress and if, as seems possible, there

New Prime Minister Botke: if he can convince the subject, he'll talk

is none, the Security Council will presumably consider what it can do to force South Africa to comply.

The resolution adopted was a lot cooler than some of the words used during the debate and earlier in the week. In an angry speech to the UN General Assembly's new session, Jamieson violently attacked South Africa's "rejection" of the UN plan to send a transitional assistance group of 9,000 soldiers

probably including a battalion of Canadian, civilian and civil police to oversee elections. Citing or political leaders in the territory to consider carefully whether they should go along with South Africa's plans to hold their own elections in the week of Dec. 3, he said that any government chosen by a "black procedure" would never be recognized internationally.

This is the nub of the whole question. South Africa has chosen to pick a diplomatic quarrel on the grounds that the UN plan would lead to a delay in bringing democracy to Namibia and the use of a bigger outside "presence" than it agreed to in preliminary negotiations with five UN members—Canada, the U.S., Britain, France and West Germany. But in reality it is afraid that a government formed by the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO), which for years has fought a guerrilla war in Namibia, might be voted into power. The UN, for its part, feels that the rules under which a South African administered election would be held preclude a truly democratic result.

This attitude was clearly reflected in the Security Council resolution. It declared null and void all unilateral measures taken by the current (South Africa sponsored) administration in Namibia in connection with the election and welcomed the co-operation of SWAPO, "which is recognized by the UN as representative of the Namibian people," in being ready to sign and observe a ceasefire and help implement the UN plan.

What happens now is not clear. South African Foreign Minister Riebel "Pik" Riebel was reported to have written to Waldheim that Pretoria "does not wish to close any doors," and stands by its decision to accept what it claims were hard and fast limits for a UN presence negotiated with the five UN powers. But this claim is disputed—the five specifically underwrite the larger forces favored by the Waldheim plan. So though Prime Minister Pistorius followed his election last week by saying he is ready for more talks, it is difficult to see what common ground exists. **David North**

## City judge slays Chinese dragon

The judge called it "the worst crime of its kind since the St. Valentine's Day Massacre." But with the conviction of four young Chinese Americans, San Francisco police were well on the way to wrapping up the gruesome Golden Dragon case and making Chinatown—the city's major tourist area—safe again. For the first time since the 1960s, the city's major tourist area—safe again. For the first time since the 1960s, the city's major tourist area—safe again.

It was at 3:40 a.m., Sept. 4, 1977, that three masked Joe Boys charged into the popular, all-night Golden Dragon eating house and sprayed the room with shotgun and semi-automatic rifle. They were aiming the members of the civil War Ching gang. But the "shooters," as they call themselves,

Golden Dragon restaurant after shooting and suspect Melvin Yu. If the Chinese police says "Yeah," that's



missed instead they killed five innocent drinkers and wounded 11 others.

Before that episode the gangs of tough, dangerous youths roaming the narrow Chinatown streets were largely ignored by police who accepted them as part of the closed mysterious society which, they believed, policed itself. It was assumed the gangs worked for the tough (thousand) organizations, widely believed to be deeply involved in gambling, narcotics and prostitution. But the gangs became stronger, more self-assured and armed. New kids tried to move in, and the shooting began. Not too many died at first—a matter of 30 in nine years. Then came the Golden Dragon.

It took police nearly four months to make an arrest. A year later they still don't have all the details. But the trials of Curtis Tan, 18, and his friend Melvin Yu (both now accused of murder) and of Peter Ng, 18, and Tony Yu, 20 (one suspect to Melvin and charged as a co-conspirator), are slowly lifting the veil of secrecy.

The main revelation is that the gangs may no longer be controlled by the gangs. As one policeman put it "In many cases, the tail is wagging the dog." In addition, the Joe Boys are said to have moved their meeting places to

the suburbs where they hang out—and buy guns—no longer associating solely with their Chinese.

Perhaps the most hard details about the massacre itself came during the trial of Melvin Yu from Chester Yu, 28, who confessed to driving the getaway car. He told how the Joe Boys were seeking revenge for the murder by the War Ching of one of their members a month earlier. He described how the "shooters" tried on their stocking masks at "Bert's house" and stole a four-door car, and how good everyone felt when they got back to the house after the murder. "I was so sure that they set out for a Chinese road."

As the trial proceeds, the Gang Task Force, 30 specialist officers recruited after the Golden Dragon killings, keeps a constant eye on the hundreds of young thugs still at large. Last week they arrested eight youths, all under 18, three with handguns. The lieutenant in charge, Don Murphy, says the Chinatown restaurants and shops are full again after a disastrous day in tourist revenue last year and a walk down Washington Street on Grant Avenue proves him right. The Golden Dragon, however, is not quite the same. It is still open all night, but the seats near the door are empty. Instead people prefer to drink at the other end of the room, near the kitchen. And if you have to sit with your back to the door, a new TV camera slowly pans back and forth so that you can watch for an unexpected interruption as you tackle your eggrolls and plum sauce chicken. **Cathy Fox**

## Boat people drift nearer home

As they came as the rusty freighter Southern Cross drifted, her engine broken down, in the South China Sea—five small wooden fishing boats engaged to hunting with mothers, babies and their infants. As the captain of the 300-ton tramp reduced later, "They just came aboard. How could we stop them?" How indeed? The laws of the sea dictate that a ship must go to the aid of men in distress and there was no doubt—at the height of the southwest monsoon season—that the "crew" of the five fishing boats needed help.

So the latest group of Vietnamese "boat people" as they are called, the thousands who have voted with their ears since the Communists took over in South Vietnam, began another stage of an odyssey which, in this case, could lead them to the United States, Aus-





Most people admit off Thailand leaving certain net for an uncertain life

grahs and Canada which last week promised to consider their admission. At first, however, the tramp's skipper found himself with a cargo of human misery as one marled Malapais, already the reluctant host of 25,000 boat people who have survived the perilous voyage across the Gulf of Thailand, ordered the Southern Cross away after providing it with food and water; and Singapore navy gunboats represented a clear "Net Welcome" sign as the leaky vessel turned toward the island republic.

In desperation, the captain net course southeast for Indonesia, home for most of the crewmen aboard, while varied officials of the 75 High Commission for Refugees conferred with Canadian, American and Australian immigration officials. The aim, to obtain guarantees of third-country resettlement so that the tramp could land its human cargo before it starved, fell prey to disease, or simply became the victim of a sudden storm—the state of the Southern Cross inspired little confidence in its ability to stay afloat.

Then the saga took a more dramatic turn. As the Southern Cross limped past the tiny Indonesian island of Penghu, midway between Singapore and Burma, it ran aground. Now it became a race to get provisions to the refugees on the treacherous, waterless land speck that had become at once a place of refuge and a frightening devil's island. By mid-week, five days after the brighter hopes of aid and full freedom since the encounter in the South China Sea, the US had succeeded in ferrying tons of water, noodles, canned goods and milk to the Vietnamese, among them 589 women and two newly born babies; and plans were under way to transfer them to the Indonesian island refugee camp

at Tanjungpinang, 150 miles southwest of Penang.

Other people were making preparations too. Singapore-based Canadian immigration officer Ian Hurlingham, whose refugee boat takes him from the northern regions of Thailand to the scattered islands of the Indonesian archipelago, had his bags packed and was

West Germany/Italy

## Terrorism: decline in the fall



Karl Brigade leader Camado Alinali: the terrorist's terrorist looks out

ready to leave. "We were contacted by the High Commission for Refugees and asked if we would consider some of these people for resettlement," he said. "I told them of course we would." And his decision was backed by the Canadian government.

Then flies regularly makes the four-hour ferry crossing to Tanjungpinang, where 458 Vietnamese refugees are already awaiting resettlement. Incredibly, all of them made it there in the same tiny wooden fishing boats that have carried tens of thousands of Vietnamese escapees through the fall fury of tropical storms over the past 2½ years. Not all reach safety. Many, some officials say between 25 and 40 per cent, die at sea—either in storms or at the hands of bloodthirsty local pirates.

There is no one around to count the dead. But in September more than 5,000 boat people landed along the Malaysian coastline alone. In July, the figure was 4,000, in August only a few hundred. "In one way the Southern Cross is a very sad story," says Hurlingham. "But in another way it is a very happy one because we have 1,200 refugees. Only those who make it are refugees. The others are dead."

John Nields

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## Hassan — a king alone amid the shifting sands

King Hassan I of Morocco is unlikely to have been arrested. After defying attempts by his armed forces to crush them for the past three years, Polisario Front guerrillas seeking the independence of the desolate Western Sahara have recently stepped up their attacks and last week in their fourth campaign opened "somehow" in the desert zone. They had the temerity to parade their captives and Polisario soldiers and a fighter pilot whose aircraft had been shot down.

The gesture was a pointed one, for while the Polisario have been attacking the Moroccan to the north, they have been making peace overtures to the Mauritania to the south, who recouped the rest of what the Polisario regard as their homeland. And the signs are that they may be making headway in isolating Morocco diplomatically.

Claiming historic rights, Hassan took advantage of Spanish weakness at the time of Franco's death to bully Spain into ceding its phosphate-rich colony. Then called Spanish Sahara to Morocco and Mauritania. The king overruled the 48-year-old monarch's enormous popularity at home at a time when



Morocco's King Hassan II, first running out for a search-and-grab man.

he badly needed a—his automatic rule had earlier prompted two near-successful assassination attempts. Since then, with his survival closely linked to his ability to hold onto

what he grabbed, Hassan has fielded an estimated 30,000 soldiers to keep off the Polisario, which claims to represent the desert nomads who are the 100,000-square-mile territory's only inhabitants.

But his military might has not won him the war, and he may be destined to lose the peace as the Polisario's drive for drastic threats to ouster him. For one thing, he is in real danger of losing his hold on Mauritania. The country was been divided by the unwanted desert war and the new leaders, who ousted his late president Ould Daddah in July, are ready for peace. There have been repeated reports that they have been meeting the Polisario's security in Paris and that one there is holding them back. The presence of 9,000 of Hassan's best troops in Mauritania.

A second factor is that there has been a thaw in relations between the Polisario's Algerian backers and Spain. This could lead to Spanish intervention in favor of a plan to place the Western Sahara under UN auspices so that the native people could decide their future for themselves. Hassan, who regards the Sahara as an integral Moroccan asset, is strongly likely to favor such a solution. But while an estimated 100,000 nomads linger in refugee camps in Southern Algeria, the march of events may force even this implacable monarch to accept that the sands of the desert are running out for him.

David Beland

by British police while working as a garage mechanic in North London.

Spain's capture means that only 83 out of the 20 suspects for the 1977 murders of Bribiesca, Panto and Schleyer are now unaccounted for, and Dortmund police were unlikely not to have made it 12. The third terrorist, who

Suspected bomber Bender with policeman the long straight one of the law

merged into the woods during the shooting, is believed to have been Christian Klar, another well-watched man.

All in all it has been a bad summer for the far Aside from those members killed or captured in Germany, the tally of terrorists held since the beginning of May is 17, including Kristiane Berling, wanted for a series of bankings and stopped while attempting to cross from Canada into the United States on foot.



In Italy, too, September has proved to be a good month for anti-terrorist operations. The big crack was 30-year-old Camillo Alunni, arrested on a 100-strong police operation at his Milan apartment which proved to be an arsenal for the Red Brigades, kidnappers and killers of Aldo Moro. Hours after the raid Alunni's girl-friend, Maria Sofia, was held so she turned up for a late-night visit and within days Maria Alunni, whose name was found on Alunni's address book, was arrested in Bologna.

Neither of the women is thought to have had a direct hand in the Moro kidnapping. But Alunni, now with a 12-year sentence for armed possession, was of different caliber. Believed by some investigators to have taken over the leadership of the Red Brigades three years ago, he had been sought for two terrorist assassinations last year before becoming a prime suspect in the Moro killing. Documents found in the Milan raid also indicate that he had recently become the chief coordinator between the Red Brigades and Italy's other major terrorist group, Proletarian Line.

His arrest brought to light the number of people held so far in connection with Italy's most serious post-war crime. Not exactly a breakthrough perhaps, but, as in Germany, encouraging progress after a very long spell.

Philip Gerard/Theodor Lurie

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Who voted the world's most beautiful woman, **Ava Gardner** is now 64, looking slightly droopy around the mid-

**Ann Gardner: star on the rocks**

dle, and during the Montreal filming of her latest disaster flick *City on Fire* (she did *Earthquake* in '74) she was as near-sighted she couldn't read the cue cards without her glasses. It seems inevitable's grande dame of the '40s and '50s (the *Killing*, '56, *The Barefoot Contessa*, '54) has become a femme fatality in the '70s. Attending what she said was her "first press conference in 26 years," the thrice-married Gardner (*Aria* Show, *Sticky Fingers*, *Frank Sinatra*) asked for her second smooch, then talked of her life in London and her love-hate relationship with the press. "I've been lied about a great deal," she said. Hardly taking a breath, Gardner went on to describe her role in the movie... she plays a television reporter.

Gardner was there. So were Halston and Bill Blass and Dina Merrill. Ah yes, it was an intimate gathering. Only 500 of New York's glamiest were invited aboard The Peacock—a four-masted ship turned floating diner—to launch French designer Yves St. Laurent's new perfume, Opium. Included in the cost of the \$200,000 soirée were thousands of orchids flown in from Hawaii, a 1,000-pound Buddha, and Studio 54's seven-foot bronzes, who was re-

**Capote: on the scene**

piled to keep such numbers of the lit-wait as Truman Capote (he's five-foot-six in heels) in line. Capote, who is getting on the shy appeared off the wagon (he has often published his battle with the bottle) mad of the scene. "Opium? I've never tried it. But I've taken a lot of other stuff."

It's enough to drive you to drink. Night after night of playing a cannibal (he eats his fellow prisoners) in *Judgment*—a one-man, 160-minute war-de-bauche—Montreal-born actor **Richard Monette** finds it hard to unwind. Following a ritual not unheard of in the theatre, he hits the sauce. "I end up drinking myself into a stupor after every performance," admits Monette, who started the show in June at Stratford and will close it on Oct. 15. "One thing that it's proven is that my brain cells haven't been destroyed. I still have my memory." There's no report just from his liver.

At the world's a stage and one man plays many parts. Recently in the beginning **Marriage Cleaver** was a *Black Panther* with a militant spirit. But it appears his soul on ice has become a *Soul on Fire*—at least that's the title of his newly published book on becoming a hero-again. Christina. Moving right along, Cleaver (who still has a side-count indictment pending from a 1968 shoot-out with Oakland police) is also out joggng a man's fashion line for-

**Cleaver: mind your manners**



ing, trousers, which come equipped with caddies. What vices possibly remain for this urban guerrilla gone good? Cleaver, now 43 and a convicted rapist, would like to start a boys' boarding school. "I'd teach them etiquette and how to chase a woman. And... what to do when she's caught."

Just you think Quebec chanteuse **Gil Ren** is trying to do her bit for national unity, relax. True, the 22-year-old Reno has just made her first English recordings in five years (see above, one single), but it isn't a strategically timed sociopolitical statement. Fact is... two years ago, while studying drama and comedy at the Lee Strasberg Institute in Los Angeles, Reno (who's separated from her husband) had a fling with a Californian singer named **Bea Richards**. Although Reno and Richards are now just friends, they must have made beautiful music together. "We finally met a man," said Reno (whose upcoming show at Montreal's Place des Arts set a single day—\$15,000—box office sales record), "who understood my heart and soul in English."

He fast she didn't get a billing wasn't about to bother her, but pop singer **Maurice Dionne**, a neophyte in the big time, was somewhat worried about being dubbed "Maureen War" when she made her debut at Toronto's Imperial Room last week. To make mat-

**Maureen: like a diamond**



tern worse, she opened the show for veteran comedian **Martin Cohen**, who, at 73, has been trading the boards since they were curdery. Although the 26-year-

**Dionne and Cohen: mother to it**

old Dionne won \$7,000 in this year's De Mornar Search for Talent and recently appeared in the cabaret *My Dream*, her previous gigs included working at a bank and playing one-night stands for Rotarians. Fortunately her spare-time priors were played when she heard one year in the crowd yell "more!" Said Dionne, "I checked... it wasn't anyone I knew."

Canada's high poster **Margaret Atwood** had her day in court before flying off on a year's leave to Edinburgh last week. Around, Canadian filmmaker **Anna Koss** (*La Merveilleuse*, *Who Has Seen the Wind*) and drama dean **Maver Moore** appeared in a Toronto courtroom as character witnesses for their literary sealabre **Rick Salutin**. Playright Salutin (*Let Goodness and Mercy*) was appealing a charge of assaulting a Toronto policeman during the Artistic Woodwork strike in 1973. Around, who plans to complete her fourth novel—a comedy—while away with Gramme Gibson and their daughter Jess, asked no leniency to the legal proceedings, saying of the accused's character: "If anything, he's too honest." After five years of waiting, Salutin was awarded an absolute discharge.

—compiled by Jane O'Leary



# Down where the going gets tough

By Roderick McQueen / Ian Brown

**D**rooping downward through months of worldwide contempt, unresponsive to central-bank market intervention, growing more sickly through four interest-rate increases, Canada's dollar has become the invalid among international currencies. Amid rallying phrases from Ottawa mandarins which equified money traders the dollar tumbled another 3½ cents during the month of September and was hovering below 85 cents last week. "It was an unexpected slide which will add to domestic inflation, making imports and trips abroad more costly, reflecting a thumbs-down view of the world toward Canada's faltering economy, massive unemployment, high inflation and stagnant productivity."

At the centre of the controversy is the federal government, along with everyone's favorite targets, Finance Minister Jean Chrétien and the Bank of Canada, where policy on money supply, market intervention and interest rates is set. The cause of the recent fall? "Worried by the government," says the B.V. Group, vice-president of the Canadian Imperial Bank



## The Diefenbuck and all that

**D**ecember 1931—Canadian dollar plummeted to 80.00 cents from near parity after Great Britain goes off gold standard; recovery to par made for US to go off gold standard in 1933.

September 1939—Foreign Exchange Control Board created to protect wartime currency as dollar pegged at 95.5 cents.

July 1946—Placed to par with U.S. dollar was traded at that value in the newly created

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September 1946—Back to the wartime 90.5 with British pound devaluation and a large trade deficit.

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June 1961—Finance Minister Donald Fleming a bedfellows dollar drops to 95 cents demands inside for pegging.

May 1962—Diefenbaker government does an about-face; pegs at 92.5.

February 1968—Government fiscal deficit brings holidaying Prime Minister Pearson back for conference vote and suggested dollar cuts.

May 1970—Finance Minister Edgar Snider faults the dollar again: "I rose to 96 cents within two weeks."

November 1978—Dollar index at a premium of \$1.03 pair to dollar following victory in Quebec.

September 1979—Dollar reaches \$4.43

## Trading softly on your greens

**T**he reflecting walls of the Bank of Canada's gleaming new \$57-million Ottawa headquarters are a stroke of architectural genius: a touch that explains the institution's image and ethos. Hundreds of glass and discreetly perforated windows overwhelm the visitor with softness while imparting the illusion of openness. But the windows are closed and the openness is an illusion. As Al Lantz, head of the bank's foreign exchange trading room admits: "We're a very secretive organization."

From a small room near the sleek-lined financial lobby, the bank's three foreign exchange traders have controlled more \$5 billion reserves to the defence of our plummeting dollar from January to the end of August. Lantz objects to the word "defence," explaining that the bank "merely

intervened to maintain an orderly market." For example when a holder of Canadian dollars sold them on the Canadian inter-bank wholesale market, causing a drop in value against the U.S. dollar, Bank of Canada traders buy up some of the slack to moderate the decline. Similarly a potentially volatile upward swing is smoothed the other way when the traders sell some of their Canadian dollars. The concern of the traders (all three of whom are women) is not the actual exchange rate, but the speed with which the rate alters. Although a Canadian bank is worth nearly 20 cents less today than it was just under two years ago, Lantz admits international traders are successful: the exchange rate of the Canadian dollar seldom swings more than half of one per cent in a day. In one particular period last week around 9:30 a.m., half an hour after the market opened, \$7 million worth of Canadian dollars was bought and sold in three minutes. The pace can appear dizzy, but in fact, it was just another quiet few moments of orderly trading behind the looking-glass walls.

Ladies of the bank: A million at a time



Ian Brown



Broker James the gravel voice listens

tion in foreign exchange daily. His gravelly voice blurs the confusion. "The trouble with the Canadian dollar is the confusion of government policy with regards to the proper level for the dollar." He, along with other street traders, wants the government to do something, anything, to let a probing foreign exchange market know that the dollar cannot be manipulated. Says a New York bank vice-president: "If something is not done and soon seen by the Bank of Canada, there is no bottom for the Canadian dollar."

The view from Paris is equally bleak. Seeing what he calls a marked "dis-

investment" in Canada, Michael Tupper of A. E. Arns, the largest Cornell as hedgehog house in France, says certain Canadian economic policies have "left a nasty taste in people's mouths." He adds, "Even to 10 years ago people used to look at the long-term potential of Canada. Frankly, they're bewildered now. They don't have someone confident in us." At the Paris-based Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development,

of Commerce, "brings out malign." For his part, Chrétien appeared almost indifferent to the dollar's 45-year low (see box) as he journeyed to Washington last week for talks and a 19-minute speech to the International Monetary Fund in which, amusingly, he barely mentioned the Canadian dollar.

Others, however, were talking about it. The simple message in the corridors where 3,000 world leaders and bankers met was that many markets have lost confidence in the Diefenbaker government's ability to manage the economy. The dollar had become both an acronym and a symbol. While the IMF took to official position, a well-connected source confided: "There are people here with que-

tion marks all around their heads." Ottawa both at the meetings and in between was saying that 100 auditors would be heading for Canada's capital later this year to check books and count an action. Even the Wall Street Journal, not known to hyperbole, said the Trudeau government is "running out of tricks."

Far from the Washington corridors and the 11th floor of the Bank of Canada, where Governor Gerald Roney reflects upon interest rates, is a glibly room 16 stacked floor above Toronto's York Street. Here, Barry James, president of Barrow Stephens Inc., shouts out a living at the end of a telephone as an independent inter-bank foreign exchange broker, trading about \$240 mil-



lion a year. James is a marked "dis-



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Charles (Gibson) and Ron (Bayer) - does the left hand know what the right's doing?



the dollar's fall is carefully described as an "adjustment." Says an OECD economist: "There's persistent and irrational gloom about Canada."

Christian's apparent Washington indifference to the Canadian dollar's value goes way toward the end of the week to a different stance: a bizarre attack on Opposition leader Joe Clark for causing the dollar's fall by claiming the federal deficit this year would be \$18 billion, one third higher than official estimates. Trudeau, meanwhile, was debasing the dollar to a by-election crowd in York-Scarborough. Not the champion of the world, he admitted, but doing better than the French franc and Spanish peseta. The mood of the country at the non-election took shape around shakers, buffed and cynical. An Ottawa lunch-counter operator who paid 17 cents on a U.S. dollar was told his previous was seeing the highest that patron had seen. "Well," he matter-of-factly replied, "the Canadian

dollar's gone down to 85 cents today. It's soon going to be worth nothing."

In fact, very little seems capable these days of stopping the plunge. A Bank of Canada statement, Sept. 30 of a \$700-million foreign borrowing

seemingly eased the dollar to avert its eyes from its steep downward path. August merchandise trade figures released on the last day of September were lower at a \$186-million surplus than the market had been led to believe. Earlier in the week, sources within the Bank of Canada had told traders the figure would run to a healthy \$300 million. Although traders, brokers, accountants and corporate executives alike agree that the Canadian dollar is undervalued at 84 cents to 85 cents and intrinsically worth between 90 cents and 98 cents, the point is by now largely academic. More important is whether the dollar can free itself from the force of its own downward spiral. Be fair, Christian and Bayer stick to their belief that a pegged rate for the dollar would be difficult to determine and even more difficult to maintain. The \$3 billion from the Bank of Canada's reserves, which have been used to intervene in the foreign exchange market during 1976's first eight months, is expected to be gone by \$4 billion when September figures are released this month. But that action should not be interpreted as support of

the dollar's fall is carefully described as an "adjustment." Says an OECD economist: "There's persistent and irrational gloom about Canada."



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Great for all outdoor activities! You'll wear it while hiking, jogging, bicycling, golfing, fishing, boating, swimming, tennis, skiing, whatever you do that takes you outside.





Quebec Canadian Nationalist traders following the dollar's fall

the dollar, they say. Economists agree that if psychological reassurance continues to drag the dollar down, the inflationary effect—higher cost of imports and higher wage demands—will be great enough to launch another, per-

haps deadly, round of inflation, followed by more devaluation, followed by more inflation. "What experience has shown," William Macdonald, chief economist for Bedford, Mackay, Ross says, "that once currencies start to slip, they really go." One method suggested last week to stop the slip, exchange controls, was dismissed immediately by



senior Deputy Bank of Canada governor R. W. Lawson. "If otherwise serious and informed people are talking about imposing foreign exchange controls," he said, "they're lost their marbles."

The Canadian dollar seems to have reached the surreal state where the slightest bad news drives it down and good news goes disregarded. "The U.S. has a cold, so we must have pneumonia," says Hugh Emmons, research department manager at Whitting's James Richardson and Sons. "Their dollar has been under pressure no one has had extra pressure. The element of logic has been absent."

Logic, however, has not prevented some speculators from making a bundle. Tourists, experts and foreign travellers also love the ailing dollar. Remarkably a London banker surveying his slightly drowsy downtown Toronto hotel each last week. "I'm not going to complain, it would cost twice as much in London." Even the recently beleaguered British pound thrives further than it once did in Canada with British Columbia in particular enjoying the biggest

he could get to mend his losses.

Doug Ford, president of the Commodity Exchange, says the new market will provide a good hedge for gold owners, both commercial and speculative. Just as importantly, it lets the small investor get involved. Currently anyone buying a gold futures contract has to put down a margin which amounts to 10 to 20 per cent of the full price, sometimes \$2,000 on a 100-ounce contract. "There is a great need for such a market and we expect a lot of interest from Europe and particularly Switzerland," says Ford. "The market should also see a lot of activity by the smaller speculator who will be able to limit his risk."

Once the system of call options is functioning smoothly the exchange will also go into the put options market just the reverse of call options. There the holder has the right to sell a future contract and the option writer the obligation to buy the contract at a stated price by a fixed day. Here it is to the advantage of the holder to let gold prices go down if prices do go down. The option holder has alternatives to actually exercising it he could sell the option to someone else, recognizing the market option premium along with a profit. It's sort of an insurance against future movements in the gold price and the only call is that of the premium, says Ford. Something that is magnificent when you compare it to the margin needed in an actual sale of gold.

Peter Carlie-Guende

increase in visitors since 1973. "We're having a good year, there's no doubt about it," says researcher Doug White in the province's tourist office. Typically, a recent Japan Airlines flight back to Japan with 280 tourists carried more than 300 five-poured boxes of salmon at \$40 per pound each.

On Marine ferry operations report Atlantic Canada traffic is back up to record 1975 levels, but it doesn't appear to be as influx of Americans with previous record dollars. Nova Scotia tourism department director Don Brennan wonders if the good news about how far the U.S. dollar has yet not even reached Americans. While the weakened Canadian dollar should have caused a spurt in visitors, the province was forced to resist U.S. television advertising views to come. "We just can't afford it anymore," says Brennan.

But all the tourist shopping bargains aren't in Canada. Meagher's Cellars is buying many Quebecers who will head for the border town of Plattsburgh, New York, where goods remain cheap even with devalued Canadian dollars. Shopping is as common as the last gas station before the border boasts extra washrooms for old clothes discarded as the return trip. Raytheon's bargains are less common. Traditional coffee at the corner Paris café costs \$2.79, more than double the \$1.20 it took before the dollar began to drop in 1976. As the manager of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce branch in Paris says, "Everybody that comes here is screaming about how little the Canadian dollar buys these days."

These high costs abroad which keep Canadians home go hand-in-hand, however, with improved export sales. Sales to Britain, for example, are up by 12 per cent in the first six months of 1978 over the previous year. East-coast fisheries are also enjoying a boom. "Devaluation has made our prices more attractive overseas," says Henry Denase, assistant international trading manager for National Sea Products Ltd. Not buying travelers from West Germany or filling machines from the U.S. is expensive. "That hurts," says Denase. Mineral and pulp exports, traditional Maritime exports, are more attractive even with soft world markets.

Canada's dollar value has debts dramatically in foreign currencies. Ask Jerry Kay about the Halifax Dartmouth Bridge Commission's debt to Germany and Swiss banks and you'll get an exasperated sigh. The commission's general manager has watched the far-

sign debt soar from \$29.4 million in 1968 when the loan was made in 1969 and 1973 to \$85 million today. The commission has already paid \$34 million in interest without touching the principal. With the money signals around, as the month of October begins, Chatham may have little alternative but to do nothing while trying to convince the rest of the world that the bottom has not fallen out of Canada's basket. If the dollar drops into the waterworld below 80 cents, there will come a point, Royal Bank senior economist Robert Taggart points out, "when it is possible for a Japanese businessman to put a Thunderbird in

his driveway for less than a Datsun." The private sector is keen for a show of strength, however little it might prove. Comments such as \$40 Dalgry, similar comment at The Toronto-Dominion Bank, lean more of the status but with more resolve. Regardless of resolve, the outlook for the battered back is bad estimates for the next three months range from below 80 cents to 86 cents. Next year, says the Commission's Gaudin, "it may rise to 87 or 88 cents, but for the next 12 months at least there will be very little to write home about." And then only if you can afford the stamps. ◇

## The futures are golden

It might just become a lunch without the mountains. Winnipeg's new-minted Commodity Exchange, home to grain trading and stock-futures, is about to begin another struggle. The world's first trading post for options of gold futures contracts. An October startup has been delayed by talks with the Ontario Securities Commission since year-to-date speculation in the province deals with speculative protection on oil-price-expectations. But by year's end even the little guy will be able to participate in a previously big money game.

Initially the exchange will deal in call options on 100 ounce gold futures, known as certain contracts, for example, gold were selling at \$200 per ounce, and an options trader bought an option on a future purchase four months away with an exercise price of \$210 per ounce. His payment would be the premium, an amount negotiated on the trading floor plus the broker's commission. In this case the premium would be around \$7 an ounce or \$700 for the centum contract. If the price of gold were to rise dramatically the option buyer could increase his option and take the futures contract, guaranteeing his gold-delivery if the price were to fall substantially. He wouldn't exercise the option and would sell his option at the highest premium



Illustration by Peter Carlie-Guende

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# It was a very good year

By Joe Flaherty

A pitcher's mound is only a slight elevation above the rest of the field, but when Ronald Aaron Gaudry stands upon it he is shrouded in rarefied air. Besides the usual pitcher's paraphernalia of the rubber and rosin, present are the legendary knicks that bound the knuckleball, that etched history. Baseball statistics, the tomb scratchings, are a guide to immortality.

Consider the 36-year-old southpaw's year. He finished the season (1989) as the best win-loss percentage (.889) of any 20-pitcher winner in the history of baseball. (The old mark, .986, was set by Lefty Grove when he was 31 and 4 with the '36 Philadelphia Athletics.) Grove that year had 173 strikeouts and an earned run average of 2.06 while Gaudry this year struck out 243 (four more than the Yankee record of Jack Chiodini, in 1904) and had an ERA of 1.72 (the lowest by a lefty since Carl Hubbell of the New York Giants had 1.86 in 1933), which bespeaks more of an ideal blood pressure than an earned run average for 207 1/2 innings pitched.

He has tied Red Karpis's 1916 record with Boston for the most strikeouts thrown by a left-hander in the American League, at nine, and eclipsed the Yankee mark of eight held by Whitey Ford. He pitched back-to-back shutouts four times this year and started the season with the Yankees reeled of 13 straight wins. Adding in last year, he is 33 out of 36. He has won nine out of his last 10 games and in his last five games he threw three two-hit shutouts, two of them against the Yankees' archrival, the Red Sox. In the two worst seasons he pitched this year, he yielded a mere three runs. As impressive as the records he has broken are the names not mentioned—Kosofax, Severer, Urthson, Spain—who by extension are subtle reminders to the mortality of his season.

Gaudry, belying his age and experience, has been the glue that has held the scholasticism of the Yankees straight. Fourteen times after Yankee losses he has picked a win. He has been the stopper supreme, the deflated son in a family of rogues.



Gaudry, as if the record weren't enough, he's now trying to perfect a change-up.

Gaudry, drafted by the Yankees in 1971 from college in his native Louisiana, gave no indications of his high promise. In 3 1/2 years in the minors, though he possessed striking power, the best record he achieved was 3 and 1 and that was as a relief pitcher. Indeed, Yankee owner George Steinbrenner wanted to unload him, and Gaudry himself in 1978, when he was sent back to the minors, nearly quit only to be talked out of it by his wife, Bonnie.

It was then Yankee GM Gabe Paul who held the faith. It was Paul who believed Gaudry's raw speed and athletic ability he has been clocked at 97 for the 1984 world eventually blossomed, and protected him from Steinbrenner's moments of pique. Gaudry himself had to be cajoled with doubts since his major sport was track, and when he took up baseball it was as an outfielder—he likes to make an advance to his idol Sandy Koufax, who coasted a basketball career. But Gaudry knew one thing: "With my fastball I knew I had one pitch better than most pitchers in the league." It was a sound philosophy. To have a blazing fastball is able to bring him with boulder ball and straight teeth—regardless of whatever else the

Lord left out, he will have its moments.

But again, the analogy to Koufax crops up. Koufax became worshiped when he added his rainbow curve, and Gaudry became unshockable when he relished Sparky Lyle in the moments in the bullpen, taught him the advice, "I had advice," he says, "but it just moved inwardly. The problem was it remained in the overt zone. What Sparky taught me to do was to make it drop at the last moment. It's about five miles an hour slower than my fastball." By calculation, that is a 98-mile-an-hour throw, which means a laser beam that dives, so the batter is faced with the dilemma of letting something he can't see in the first place that deviates from an imagined course.

Booby downswinging to hitters is that this velocity is coming from a 108-pound frame. At first, hitters didn't seem to believe it, but the night he struck out 18 California Angels he was paid the supreme compliment. Major league hitters begin to shake up on their bats like outstated little leagues.

But all this is cold stats. What this shiny new child does for the Yankee is fit a time-honored role. He is their unquestioning son, their slapper, their savior whose grace brings value to their troubled world.



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## Lift-off for the people movers

There were no signs saying "Welcome to Tomorrowland," but officials of Ontario's Urban Transportation Development Corporation—watching the "lift-off" of their new \$1-million prototype "people mover" in Kingston late last month—might have been told at a science-fiction fantasy show. As the black, orange and white, boxcar-like Test Vehicle 1 shunted along an auto-shaped track beside a muddy ditch in the former cow pasture that has become the corporation's Transit Development Centre ("The first facility dedicated to transit development in the world") the officials' faces beamed their dream of the future: accident-free, driverless, automated vehicles running on elevated guideways above city streets, carrying 3,000 passengers an hour in destinations not already covered by existing myriads of subways, buses and streetcars. "It will get people back into neighborhoods," says Ed Reifwe, of UTD.

It will be able to see kids playing in the streets, watch the colors of the leaves change. You can't see that as a subway.

The dream—same, recalling the heroes of the old New York and Chicago El's clanking past innocent moderns, might prefer to call it a nightmare of the past—as become the transit by today's latest savior to urban traffic

problems. As costs of tunneling have put subway construction at \$30 million a mile (UTDC estimates the skyways at \$30 million per mile) developers around the world have been raring to get the automated guideway transit systems—popular in recreation parks and airports—into downtown cores. In the United States, \$250 million was allocated in 1976 to the Downtown People Mover Project and four cities—Cleveland, Houston, Los Angeles and St. Paul—selected as future test areas to implement existing "state of the art" technology. In Manassas, West Virginia, a people mover has been operating since 1976.

Planners feel the concept will have its major application in North America and in cities such as Brasilia, Brazil (which has been designed around the automobile), as the need to transport people to and from distant parking lots increases. But the city of Bremen, West Germany, is considering a proposal to link its downtown activity centres with people movers.

In Ontario—UTDC is owned by the provincial government—\$61.2 million has been committed to the design and development of an intermediate capacity transit system (subways carry 40,000 people per hour, skycars 30,000) that will not only serve our own

cities, but will become, in UTD's terms, "one of the exportables."

The project—inventors include a linear induction motor to cut down on pollution and noise and "the first steel wheel alternative to rubber tire systems used in the U.S."—has not been viewed as enthusiastically by opposition parties as by UTD's program manager Murray Reifwe. He feels that "We've really got the only answer for the northern market—automotive systems cannot run safely in snow and ice on rubber tires." But opposition members have accused the government of "redeveloping the streets."

At month 28 of a 40-month project there are still many reverses to be perfected, among them the computer operation that will allow the people mover to operate completely on an automatic control system. "We need something," says Reifwe, "that will tell control, 'Hey, I've got a brake problem.' Then the answer comes back, 'Okay, one brake keep going and two

brakes stop operating until everybody gets off.' We predict that some day subways will be run that way as well. Humans make mistakes."

Critics of UTD would agree. One big

government mandate to retrieve \$45 million. "In development there are errors of judgment," says Reifwe. "But new things are clicking off more or less as time, this winter we'll look more closely at the problems of ice and snow."

UTDC will probably get a lot of chances in the coming months to play with those particular problems, but in the meantime the focus is on the inner workings of Test Vehicle 1. Tangles of cables and wires lead to subways, circuit breakers and power-conversion units, and above the conductor's seat TV 1 is still being operated manually. TV 2 will be fully automated by a sign alerting visitors to an Orwellian future as close

as 1983 in which Canadians may have their own versions of the Exo-Motorail and the Disneyland monorails running through their cities. "Don Macdonald," it warns, "don't forget to get your groceries and Mittens." —Reifwe and Yash The Rocklights

Sandra Peredo



City streets of Chicago's skyline elevated in Tomorrowland in sight?

mistake was the original intermediate capacity transit system constructed in a German company, Krauss-Maffei, and abandoned about \$9 million later—the vehicles refused to turn corners (the

## Good mornings from CKFH/1430.



Howard Gooney  
Sam 9am News.

"The John Gilbert Show"  
Sam-Tham daily.

The Chicago El, circa 1895 (right) and artist's concept of Toronto's railless and driverless people mover, circa (l) 1995, sitting by your window



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Nadia Potts  
Veronica Tennant  
Lae Annyot  
Frank Augustyn  
Charles Kirby  
Clinton Rothwell  
Peter Schraibek  
Thomas Schramke  
Hozoes Samneyan

Stephen Jefferies  
appears courtesy of  
The Royal Ballet,  
Covent Garden,  
London, England.

Wednesday 6	8:00 p.m.	Giselle Zimroz/Schaefer
Thursday 5	8:00 p.m.	Giselle Kain/Magnum
Friday 10	8:00 p.m.	Les Patineurs Schaefer/Jago/Amyot Mad Shakers Kain/Schraibek/Lucas/Smith Samneyan Ella Neopapoulos Kain/Jagor/Hawwood/Schaefer
Saturday 11	2:00 p.m.	Les Patineurs Alexander/Marchand/Rothwell Mad Shakers Jago/Amyot/Zimroz/Smith Samneyan Ella Neopapoulos Kain/Jagor/Hawwood/Schaefer
	8:00 p.m.	Les Patineurs Schaefer/Jago/Amyot Mad Shakers Kain/Schraibek/Lucas/Smith Samneyan Ella Neopapoulos Kain/Jagor/Hawwood/Schaefer
Sunday 12	3:00 p.m.	Les Patineurs Alexander/Marchand/Rothwell Mad Shakers Jago/Amyot/Zimroz/Smith Samneyan Ella Neopapoulos Kain/Jagor/Hawwood/Schaefer

Wednesday 15	8:00 p.m.	Rayshoka, Act IV Kain/Jagor Afternoon of a Fox Kain/Jagor Pro de Dieu from Don Quixote Hawwood/Schaefer Ella Neopapoulos Jago/Amyot/Lucas/Schraibek
Thursday 16	8:00 p.m.	Rayshoka, Act IV Jago/Schaefer Afternoon of a Fox Magnum/Amyot Pro de Dieu from Don Quixote Hawwood/Schaefer Ella Neopapoulos Jago/Amyot/Lucas/Schraibek
Friday 17	8:00 p.m.	Giselle Jagor/Schaefer
Saturday 18	2:00 p.m.	Giselle Hawwood/Schaefer
	8:00 p.m.	Giselle Zimroz/Amyot

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\*\*Ella Neopapoulos—Canadian Premiere  
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O'Keefe Box Office Opens, Thursday, October 19

Press

## From mags to riches: Quebec's glossy gossips



to lunch at all readers are satisfied  
as the subjects sometimes surprised

year years, Quebec's pulp press has  
Le stretched along the hottest rank of  
the newsmagazine, ray tabloid that  
dwelt on crime, or the lives of the stars  
of Quebec show business. With names  
like *Alto Police*, *Echos-Volantes*, and  
Gala des Artistes, they have carved no  
group, sensationalism, and a shocked-  
two-fingered delay of sex. In the last  
two years, however, a new phenomenon  
has emerged and climbed a shelf at two  
up the newsmag rank: the glossy celeb-  
rity magazine. From one or two a few  
years ago, the market is now overflowing  
with slick new imitations of the  
American *People* magazine, but with a  
twist, more daffodil layout.

Le *Lamb*, *Motiviel* and *Photopress*  
are weeklies, *elle et lui*, *Madame*, *Le  
Roi*, *Jeune*, and *ensemble* are month-  
lies—but all but *Photopress* (which is  
only black and white) are virtually iden-  
tical. Does Le *Lamb* have an answer  
with Carole Cormier, the Québécoise  
wife of Expo outsider Warren Crom-  
bie? So does *ensemble*. Does *Jeune*  
have an article on a happily married  
notion of multiple sclerosis? Le *Lamb*  
has an article on a happily married  
double amputee.

The most successful of the new pep  
magazines has been the first, *Le Lamb*.  
It is a personal triumph for its 30-year-

old publisher, Claude Charrier, who  
launched it two years ago on borrowed  
money and says he recently turned  
down an offer of \$3.5 million in circula-  
tion climbed to a newsworld sale of  
756,000 at 41 a copy.

"Basically, we're the *People* magazine  
of Quebec," says Charrier, who cheer-  
fully admits he stole the *People* logo  
style. "But *People* is much colder than  
we are." It would be difficult to be much  
hatter with John Travolta, Andy Gibb,  
Al MacGrath, Elvis and Patrick Swe-  
zett all crunched on one cover, already  
spotted with little dishes showing "5  
free posters" and "Cassini at 41."

"We try to stress Quebec values,"  
says Charrier, looking pensive. "Here's a  
piece on someone with a couple who is  
unemployed, isn't that typical in Que-  
bec now?" And here's a piece on a won-  
derful mechanic I met with no legs. I  
think that's a kind of moral education,  
saying 'You think you're got problems?'  
Here's a guy with no legs, and he's  
happy."

"And here's a fantastic piece. Little  
Bessie, the mutant wrestler. When I  
was 10, I was raped by a homosexual  
alcoholic!'" Great reading.

Glaring the magazine, he looks up  
"It's a national reader."  
While newsworld sales show he is  
clearly not alone, the methods his two  
magazines, *elle et lui* and *Le Lamb*,  
have used to satisfy their readers have



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and department stores across  
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Claude Charrier: people who love 'People'

been questioned. Last winter, the Radio-Canada consumer program, "Consommateurs Avertis" documented case after case of *châtaignes* lifted from other magazines without permission and stories on stars that were made up from whole cloth. Jean Drapeau, a well-known Quebec actor, told how an "interview" appeared about him without his giving an interview at all. "They just invented it," he said.

Mirna Pasternak, a journalist who did his doctoral thesis on the gossip press in Quebec, says there is no other country in the world in which it plays such an important role. Why? According to sociologist Marcel Rioux, the tightly held quality of Quebec society has meant that gossip has always been important, and that *Québecois* stars have been linked in the intimacy of the communal *linkage*.

The publishers and editors of the new magazines have come directly from the world of the tabloids. Pierre Plaudoux, the king of the Quebec tabloids (his publications about a dozen) also produces the glossy *Miroir*. Orlyon Brown, a popular crossover who publishes half a dozen other tabs, has just launched *COUCHÉ*.

But the most successful veteran of the tabloids—and the magazine—is Claude Charrier. In 1974, after 30 years with *Plaudoux*, Charrier was fired. Ten years later he launched *Le Gendy*, and earlier this year, which *Plaudoux* came out with *Miroir*, a less successful initiative which has been changing editors and groping for an identity. Charrier hasn't seen an old boss since *Plaudoux* fired him. "He looks forward to it," he says, and smiles. —Graham Fraser



## We've read about smog, but we've never seen it.

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Medicine

## The pill: a cleaner bill of health

One of the strong suspicions about oral contraceptives is that they're never responsible for birth defects. Studies had shown that babies born to women who were on the Pill suffered a slightly higher incidence of heart defects as well as a greater number of improperly formed limbs. However, in

both cases the increased risk seemed to be limited to infants whose mothers had somehow stayed on the Pill after a child had been conceived.

Now researchers at the Harvard School of Public Health think they've cleared the Pill of those particular charges. Over the last eight years, they

reviewed the birth records of hundreds of thousands of women who used oral contraceptives (Massachusetts Birth certificates include information on congenital malformations). And they found no major difference or increase in birth defects among children of women who had taken the Pill and those who had not. With one notable rider: almost twice as many infants with undescended testes were born to mothers who were Pill-users. The researchers caution that their data cannot provide reliable information about defects not adequately assessed at birth, and they do recommend that to be safe no woman should take the Pill after conception.

## Petit mal: from 330 seizures a day to 0

The patient was a blonde 18-year-old, pigtailed, freckled and blonder like a girl in a Norman Rockwell painting. The summer ended. She was severely disabled by epilepsy that she was considered intractable and retarded. She was given to violent temper tantrums. Her balance was poor, drug therapy kept her constantly drowsy, and she suffered 10 to 20 seizures a day in spite of the drugs. Then, in the spring of last year, she was referred to the Montreal Neurological Institute where Dr. Allan Sherwin, head of neuropharmacology, was studying an experimental drug to control epilepsy called valproic acid (VPA). When taken off all medication, the child suffered as many as 330 petit mal attacks—brief blackouts that look like staring spells—a day. "She was quite literally brain-storming," says Sherwin. However, 10 days after the girl was placed on VPA she stopped having seizures and was able to go home—not retarded and definitely manageable.

Though VPA is not a new drug—it's anti-coagulant properties were discovered in 1965 and it's been used to treat epilepsy in European countries for at least 18 years—VPA was only available on an experimental basis in Canada until last month, when the Health Protection Branch gave it the seal of approval. The doctors who have been experimenting with the drug admire it enthusiastically. "It's safe," says Dr. Warren Blume, associate professor of neurology and pediatrics at the University of Western Ontario. "The only side effect we've seen is a bit of hair falling out, but that happens to about one patient in five. And some are complaining that the capsules taste too sweet." Of 29 patients Blume has been treating, a little over half have clearly improved.

Blume's findings bear out what many

European studies have already shown: the person who responds best is the one suffering from petit mal. VPA also benefits patients with grand mal (characterized by convulsions and uncoordinated movements), but appears to have little effect on temporal lobe epilepsy, where perceptions may be momentarily but drastically altered. Though experts estimate the VPA will help just 25 per cent of Canada's 200,000 epileptics the people it's sure to help are many whose disorder was previously uncontrollable—such as Dr. Sherwin's young patient.

No one knows exactly how VPA works, but researchers suspect it acts more

on illness checking EEG chart of an epileptic patient. Fewer side effects, as and to be monitored—and it's safe.

specifically with an epileptic's brain chemistry than drugs that sedate. And thereon lies its great advantage. "It's optimistic that VPA will gradually replace phenobarbital," says Sherwin. "Then we can discontinue those extremely incapacitating side effects that phenobarbital causes, the drowsiness and irritability. Even if in some patients VPA has to be used in combination with another drug, at least the lifestyle of these people will certainly be better."

Brenda Rubin





# Comfortable pulpits, uncomfortable pews

His autism, as the faculty returned to the quiet campus of McMaster Divinity College in Hamilton, Ontario, members met with a special Thanksgiving harvest. The largest number of students in the history of the 99-year-old Baptist college. Across Canada, in every Protestant seminary the signs were as promising: in Kingston, Ont., at the United Church of Canada's Queen's Theological College, the number of fall applicants was so high that almost a dozen had to be turned away. "Things are booming," says the college principal Robert Baser. Among Canada's Anglicans there is even a worry that if things continue as they are, the church could face a

surplus of clergy in the 1990s. The increasing enrolments reflect an unexpected new current in the complex ebb and flow of religious life across North America: after almost two decades of decline, the ministry seems to be making a strong comeback as a career choice among the young. In fact, in the United States, leaders of the major churches fear that if the trend doesn't let up, every denomination could be faced in the next few years with too many ministers for too few congregations. The most startling claim comes from the Hartford Seminary Foundation, an inter-church research group, which predicts that the Episcopal Church will end up around the year

2000 with a priest for every 100 worshippers. Already the Episcopalians are using computers to match up job-hungry priests with congregations. Young clergymen and women are being recruited on career strategy with all the hard-edged aggression of the Madison Avenue business world. They are being taught to sell themselves with Dale Carnegie courses as distinct from personal piety. Little wonder is claim of a report that from Vermont where the Richmond Congregational Church advertised for a minister offering a near-poverty-line \$16 a week—and received 36 replies. The many older, traditional clergymen the development is threatening. "You need to be able to think God called you to a church," said one. "But now you have got to scourge for jobs just like everybody else."

Ironically, as the young seem to seek out the pulpit, the middle-aged seem to leave the pews. Between 1960 and 1987, the American Episcopal Church lost nearly 18 per cent of its members (about 800,000 churchgoers). In Canada the United Church, at 800,000 the country's largest Protestant denomination, has

reported losses of about 12 per cent or 132,000 members between 1966 and 1977, though some executives claim the numbers don't reflect a startling loss so much as a privating of inactive members from the rolls. Still, they admit that the loss of the United Church is declining as that with an expanding clergy for a shrinking denomination, they could face a problem period in the mid-'90s. "Forecasting is always risky," says Paul Gibson, a consultant on theological education to the Anglican Church, "especially when there are so many changes in religion and culture that affect the supply of ministers and the church's capacity to employ them." But Gibson has produced a study showing that with the increase in admissions—75 in 1978 compared to 46 in 1977—Canada's Anglicans could be on the way to an oversupply of clergy.

However, Gibson and others caution that the job search for ministers in Canada isn't as imminent as it appears in the United States. "For one thing," says A. C. Forrest, longtime editor of *The United Church Observer*, "the decline in church membership in Canada

is not as sharp as in the United States." He adds that while Canada's churches tend to follow American trends, they do so several years later, and even then to a lesser degree. Says Forrest, "We don't have quite the same boom and bust." Furthermore, some American experts, notably Lawrence Boker and William Strauss, authors of *Generations and Covenants: The 20s, the 30s, the 40s, and the 50s*, think the ranks of the U.S. clergy were rapidly inflated a few years ago by many young men who chose the ministry as a way out of military service.

In Canada, the new popularity of the ministry is less obvious for a number of subjects on which the jury is still out. Partly, enrolments have been swollen simply by the decline of so many women to enter the clergy. At McMaster Divinity College, about 30 per cent of students are female, and many theologians, both male and female, take issue not to receive ordination but as an academic pursuit, a reflection of the widening interest in religion as a subject on campus. Also, according to Melvin Harris, principal of McMaster Divinity College, the Jewish movement of the early '70s, even though superficial, was sufficient to launch some of the young toward deeper commitments. "It may have been shallow," he says, "but it was still out of the box."

The surge within the secularists has not yet reached the Roman Catholic Church, which in Canada, as around the world, still suffers a serious shortage of men entering the priesthood. According to the Rev. J. J. Carrigan, rector of St. Peter's Seminary in London, Ont., only one man was ordained in the London diocese last year compared with the late '50s when as many as a dozen were ordained each year. Nonetheless, Father Carrigan, whose seminary draws students from across the country, notes that ever since 1963, when St. Peter's had only 70 students, things have picked up; this year's enrolment is 99. Even in Quebec, where the decline is worst, the most critical, there is a slight turnaround. "Things have settled down," says Archbishop Gilles Quétier of Rimouski, who is also president of the Canadian Conference of Catholic Bishops. "There are fewer priests leaving now, and vocations are picking up again."

But in the opinion of Catholic journalist Don McNeill of Toronto, a columnist for *The Catholic Register*, there will be no increase comparable to the Protestant Church's as long as Catholicism remains a Catholic conservative. "No matter how you rationalize it," says McNeill, "Catholicism is the No. 1 horror."

Despite the harvest in their classrooms, Protestant leaders will survey it with a slightly cautious eye. "There is an underlying feeling," says Robert

Baier of Queen's, "that it might not be taken simply at face value, as an entirely positive. The religious climate of the '80s, which in leading some people and the '90s, may be a dark day for some, is entirely healthy. It tends to be quite self-censored. As a result we receive many students who have no interest—not even much awareness—of the relationship of Christianity to issues of our time or even the day-to-day problems of people there." Adds Melvin Hillmer, "I have to admit that the tendency seems to have to a highly pessimistic view of Christianity as a concern."

Moreover, many of the students new to the ministry are from a religious background that are outside the churches or even close to them, all the way from street movements like the Jesus People to highly conservative campus crusades. As a result, a large number of the future clergy are often foreign, even antagonistic to the views and styles of the established denominations they enter.

This is especially marked in the case of the United Church of Canada, whose members have usually come through local congregations, youth groups and recruitment programs in church campuses. Today, fewer students come from such traditional sources. "Many of the new students," says the Rev. Howard Mills, secretary of the United Church's division of ministry, personnel and education, "come from religious movements that are quite outside the churches. Often these are quite inward-looking movements, and quite conservative. As a result many of the students who come out of them expect the United Church to be like them. Not the United Church isn't."

Indeed, Mills, who is a bright and excited cleric, is bold enough to approach the question that some church leaders only whisper: how many of the new candidates may be choosing the ministry partly or mainly because it's a secure job in a job-secure age? "We have a downturn in the economy," Mills says, "a growth in authoritarianism and an inward attitude. But this is to expect, therefore, that people entering the ministry these days may well be motivated by any or all of these factors. I'm not saying that this is all bad, but it's not all good either."

Over the next decade, as the new theologians become part of the ministry of the country's Christian church, there may be tensions—for them and their denominations—over the teaching and attitudes of liberal, activist Christianity. Perhaps, predict some church executives, they may restrain or even reverse current liberal trends, thus making the churches, in the view of some, less prophetic but more representative of their people. Kenneth Lagzell





# Maclean's



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Photo: Bob

## High risk in the lower depths

In the struggle to pump coal-black petroleum up from ocean depths, the shock troops are the divers. There are 1,500 of these young men maintaining to gas offshore oil rigs, some in five and five weeks diving just below the surface, others in hard hats laying pipeline or welding in inky darkness 800 feet down—where if their life-support systems failed they'd be instantly compressed into something resembling strawberry jam. Since 1973, 27 divers have been killed in the British sector of the North Sea alone. "That's the officially released figure," says one diver, a 38-year-old Canadian who's been out under the rigs for two years now. "But off the record, the total's higher. There are so many two- and three-man outfits out here, headquartered in Holland or Texas or Nova Scotia, that don't feel under any obligation to tell the authorities about their casualties."

Nevertheless, overseers of the North Sea diving operations are clearly worried about the diving death rate. To cut the casualty toll, Bruce Milne, secretary of state for Scotland, has just announced that the government is going to build a 35-man divers' medical centre in Aberdeen—as quickly as it

North Sea oil rig, divers working underwater pipeline and diving bells related to desk-level control rooms in U.K. sector alone, 27 deaths since 71

can. Specially trained physicians, many divers-qualified themselves, will man the installation, often going out to the rigs and down into pressurized tanks to perform surgery on injured underwater personnel whose bodies would literally explode if suddenly exposed to the normal, sea-level air pressure of an ordinary hospital. Worldwide offshore oil industry leaders will be looking to the

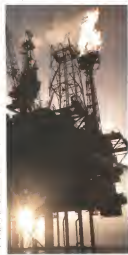
new Aberdeen medical centre for solutions to many of the safety problems that plague the industry today. By the 1990s, about a third of all of the world's casualties will come from offshore drilling—6,000 divers will be working the North Sea alone. And every year the divers are going deeper. Kadan has already sent them as deep as 1,600 feet. The experts

used to know what can be done to lower an industrial death-rate 23 times that of coal mining and 250 times worse than that on the typical factory floor.

"We're delighted that the government has at last got it set together," says Bill Duncan, manager of British operations for K. D. Marine.

The diving company, owned by Canadian Walter Wolf, has been in the North Sea since 1972 and specializes in deep diving. A smallish firm, with 60 employees, it has lost three of its divers in date. Two were free-swimming divers, swept away. "It's easy to make the mistake and think that only deep diving is dangerous," says Duncan. "But at least deep divers are connected to safety by lifelines, air hoses and communication cables. Seabed divers can sometimes be worked out to sea and we don't even know they're missing for a tragically long time."

K. D. Marine's third casualty was John Demmer, a diver with six years experience, who spent 1½ minutes working 450 feet down under a pressure of 300-pounds-per-square-inch (air pressure on the surface is 15-pounds-per-square-inch). He was







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brought up in a pressurized diving bell and locked into a sealed chamber far west should have been such hours of a stressful decompression. But as the pressure dropped, he suddenly began complaining that he couldn't breathe. The rig had no doctor aboard, only a medic who frantically ordered Aberdeen far advice. They instructed him to repressure Dinnor's chamber and chopped doctors out to the rig, suspecting that Dinnor had an air bubble trapped between his lungs and his ribs, a rage that was inflating his chest pressure dropped. But as S. D. Martin diving supervisor Mike Spencer recalls grimly, "We didn't have available the hollow need to the ducts and was necessary to pull the air out of his chest. We didn't even have a proper thermometer for taking his temperature—if we had used the mercury one we had it could have broken under the pressure and exploded as a poison gas." After five hellish days in the pressure tank Dinnor died—a diver who, Dinnor says, would have been saved if his reactions were trained and equipped by a medical facility like the one to be built in Aberdeen.

Sophisticated rescue work isn't all the new medical center will have to attempt. Some of the veteran divers are beginning to display alarming side effects from their sub-surface careers. There's bone necrosis, a sort of rot as joints become stiffer randomly. And vestibular bends, which affect balance. "I've had a bad ear (vestibular nervous system) hit," admits diver Ken Bick. "I had a 75-per-cent wipe-out in one ear—it got so bad I couldn't keep my balance, especially in the dark." Doctors have to find out which nerves are on or out, not be used under pressure and how to stick wounds so that the stitches won't hurt as the patient is returned to normal atmosphere. And the psychological pressures on divers living in an underwater "ballet" is much at a time, coupled up in the long pressure chambers between brief working sorties on the bottom, are just beginning to be understood.

For the doctors, the divers and the great majority of the industry, the Aberdeen center represents a major research base for a different kind of exploration of the oceans that never so much of the world's oil supply. "What we discover here," says Dr. Colin Jones of it, "will be useful off the coast of North America, offshore in Mexico, the Middle East, Asia. When you realize how much of the world's undiscovered oil is offshore, you can see that what we'll be learning here in Aberdeen about this miserable stretch of North Sea water, the whole world will benefit from eventually." Arthur Gonzalez

FINES

## Still life, with fire and skies

DAYS OF HEAVEN

Directed by Terrence Malick

You may never live to see another movie as overpoweringly beautiful as this one, and if you don't, you might consider yourself lucky. Set in the Texas of 1916 where migrant workers slave for a wheat king's harvest (it was shot in Alberta), it's breathtaking—an almost biblical condensation of existentialism woven with a longing for an earlier time. Writer-director Malick and his cinematographers Nestor Almendrez and Haskell Wexler bask the scene with beauty—few droplets on petals, wildlife close-up, crystalline still life, impossible sunsets. You may never have to go to an art gallery again, or see another nature film. Skies are out of Van Gogh, dusk from Picasso's "Blue Period," dry, drama faces of migrants serial reproductions from Walker Evans. Let Us Now Praise Famous



Uncle Linda Manz: portrait of the young woman at a Hollywood film

Men. But all that imagery emanates from a tired old aesthetic, bad as like said. Days of Heaven is Barry Lyndon in rags—and with real hair. Narrated in a droll by an uncle (Linda Manz) who arrives at the wheat

farm with her volatile brother (Richard Gere) and his lower pretending to be his sister (Brooke Adams). Days of Heaven captures, subtly, that part of the American experience that has always been transient and hungry for escape. It's evocative, deliberately dodging drama, the film is it. Strains of (dark as you see) Adams, or Gere's sugges-

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tion, giving her chance to marry the young, dying wheat king (Sam Shepard) and all are left in the lurch because looting on top of the bill, expiring their days of heaven, looking in good times and open spaces, until, against all reason with a plague of locusts and a raging prairie fire.

Apart from Mac's comic innuendoes (she's a "late-gift" Mark Finn), there's not much emotional life, when characters attempt to push human emotion further, the director cuts to the great outdoors. Potentially exciting scenes (the locusts, the fire) are there for visual possibilities. With incredible Dolby sound and an infinity of images stretching before his, Malick gets him in his novel dream's atmosphere. He's trying for new ground—a kind of stylized naturalism that unites along and disunites conventional dramatic ideas. Ironically, he's used the most conventional visual means available, the lushness of film and frame rates. He's Malick to shame. Painstakingly mounted, every frame just sits there, enthroned on the screen. Days of Heaven is a grandiose art movie, its imagery grandiose; it might even be a great fall, swelling the shape of things to come. **Lawrence O'Toole**

## Seminal book, terminal movie

TWO SOLDIERS

Directed by Lionel Chetwynd

Though Maclean's *Two Soldiers* tackled a grand theme—the relationship between French and English in Canada during the early years of this century and the whole question of national identity—it tackled it grandly. If its novel occasionally teetered on the platitudinous and the portentous Macleanist, a master storyteller, never went over the edge. The book deserves its classic status. A similar status is unlikely to await its belated treatment. Primarily, the latter ends with a funeral fittingly but redundantly, since the picture never to us died at all.

The postscript ending is only one of the changes director-writer Lionel Chetwynd has made in the transference. From a structural view it may have seemed sensible to trace the narrative solely within the 1917-18 period, but more than truncated chronology has to account for what's missing here. Maclean's archetypes created a little new and then, but they did relate to each other and the tensions between them productively appear, to create a compelling scene in compressing for the screen, Chetwynd has lost the sense of these multi-layered connections

Only modestly talented plebeians remain.

Jean-Pierre Amélie plays the aristocratic wingman Jean-Claude Tallard (far more naive than the name has been changed from the novel's Alphonse) who attempts to bring industry to his Quebec village and is opposed by the parish priest (Claude Jutra), a nationalist who sees such modernity as an affront to Anglo domination. Closer to home, Tallard and his eldest son Martin (Raymond Cloutier) are locked in bitter dispute on the coexistence issue. Running parallel to the downfall of Tallard, episode of the middle ground and reconciliation, is the ascent of the Ontario businessman Hartley McQueen (Garry Kutch). Admittedly, Maclean's McQueen character isn't a caricature precisely by the popular notion Maclean's King served as a model) has been diminished, but Kutch's ludicrousness doesn't help. With his fringe, combed pompadour's hair and generally unimpressive shape, Kutch isn't only physically wrong, he comes nowhere close to suggesting McQueen's particular blend of grimy calculation and shrewdness.

"I must wait," Tallard says to his wife (Gloria Gaudin) as his world starts to crumble and he becomes an outcast in both French and English societies. The readers of this picture no doubt mean well, too. It was not enough.

John Lewisborough



Kutch (overhead) gambles with not so much as a check on his terms.

## Ship of drools

WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHIEFS OF EUROPE?

Directed by Ted Kotcheff

One screen is bumping off the parts of a crowded pastiche, in the rearer that best dates are recorded: a Swiss chef is baked in a fluted bottle used, and so on. An exquisite detail: the animal population hanging from her person is "the third deadliest in the world." George Segal as her chef as husband with a slash for fast foods and Robert Morley the retired journalist magazine publisher who does get off a few good ones. All these are stuck in Peter Stone's suspense plot, which has all the lessons of an old classic: head Director Ted Kotcheff's career is forever linked in food. Learning no more, ventured in a successful attempt to make *La Grande Bouffe* look like a manual put out by IBM. (A measure of his style is to superimpose the credits over different patterns of chaos.) The idea was to repeat the style we and one at *Obscure* using the same writer and composer (Henry Mancini) meaning are Gary Grant, Audrey Hepburn and a director named Stanley Donen. As it is, we never know whether to let or bark.

## A very bad seed

WOLLETTE MOORE

Directed by Claude Chabrol

A is the story little mother's white pain. Code and attempted marriage called a sensation in France in the 20s, Isabelle Huppert played the best actress award this year at Cannes. In *Wollette* and only that same as a career for her dirty dream life, she is the only point of interest in this desecrated French Canadian on production directed by Claude Chabrol (a French rebel), who surprised himself he's a French *Wollette*. Morley's a coldy clinical case history could level the patience of a saint with its mounting ugliness and brittle editing. *Wollette* headed for an early grave of darkness by daydreamers by night, is betrayed by her level and proceeds forth to add some pathos to her nursing and sticky's reveal claim. To cleanse herself from guilt she hobbled to the toilet to show, fully clothed. This is a spectacle. There is poetry too. Love without grandeur is nothing. Does that mean some having to say you're sorry? Or that you should have more to wear than a cloth? Only Chabrol knows for sure. And there is philosophy. God is empty? Talk about emptiness, there's *Wollette* Moore.

## The egg and her

GIL FRIENDS

Directed by Claude Weil

Do you come you're in each a good mood? The question, at Gil Friends is more an interplay and based



Blessed: from 'The Deep' to the pits

with mutation. And what gives you the right to feel so good when I feel like yesterday's swim? This bad film is a confused conflict of moods: say director Weil and screenwriter Vicky Polin in their hip, jugged and likable movie. Susan (Melanie Lynskey), the young, struggling and very Jewish New York photographer, finds the moods of other people mirrored in the mood of alcohol. Her old roommate finds her nerves. But when the girl named Susan fails betrayed, pulling privacy, she thinks she wants to live alone, and comes across the first a love, from examples already said more in with her. Life, for Susan is a mess. At the end of *Arise* led a near white brother thinks he's a chicken. Can I come down too hard on the brother—because the real needs the egg. Gil Friends is a redemptive tale, a about meeting those eggs and trying to keep a smile.

Though it doesn't tell you anything you don't already know, the movie gives us some personality from Melanie Lynskey's relaxed, caddy comic performance—an angry string embroiled with looks of disbelief and gestures of resignation. Her face suggests constant dereliction of its ambivalence. But she's always waiting in the wings.

Lawrence O'Toole



# The Cookie Muppet proves a masterpiece himself

**Q** Mr. Cookie? Mr. Alastair Cookie? The doorman family bursts with pride. It isn't everyone, after all, who stands guard on a national institution. Ever since he hosted the widely acclaimed *Goodhousewives* some 25 years ago, Cookie has been a television fixture. In 1992, his personal Cookie's Town, the first American series, won plaudits from critics and public alike. Since 1979 he has presided over the Public Broadcasting System's *Masterpiece Theatre*, and for Cookie fans his already infamous introductions are as prized as the dramatic fare that follows. Currently the fare (8PM, 9 p.m. Sundays) is Thomas Hardy's *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, to be followed Oct. 22 with a 15-week run of *The Decline of Dale Street*.

But Alastair Alastair Cookie's imprint

on the North American psyche goes beyond television appearances. On every 50-year-old's favorite program, *Jeopardy!*, there is a well-oiled Muppet with a cultured British accent, a Mr. Alastair Cookie, who introduces a segment called *Masterpiece Theatre*.

Cookie himself, 78 next month, is a no-high-handed culture freak. "I never want to talk down, nor do I want to talk up," he says. "I remember on *Goodhousewives*, if I said 'John Milton,' the doorman would suggest, 'Don't you want to make

Alastair Cookie and friends (bottom left, Kermit the Frog). One institution that Mr. Cookie would be reluctant to accept

that 17th-century English poet John Milton?" But I think that kind of spoon-feeding detracts its purpose." Cookie has his own standards for performance as well as content. "You know, these broadcasts—they're always sold to project, project. None of these sounds really natural, except David Brenkey. Television may be a mass medium, but it's also very intimate. I always think of myself as talking to two people in a living room."

The television Cookie achieves results from his reputation on writing and researching his own material. "I have a typewriter, papers, for drama," he notes proudly. He scoffs at the pretensions of scriptwriters, production assistants and technical analysts who are the backbone of so many television productions. "Why, we made the whole American series with five people." He also scorns the use of the ubiquitous TelePrompster. "I remember when the producer of *American Band* I didn't use TelePrompsters. He thought it was just vanity—showing off. I suppose. He didn't say so then, but but when he got back in England he called, 'How about contact lenses?' so I sent a cable back: 'How about a visioning day?' The

subject was never brought up again."

For his *Masterpiece Theatre* introductions, Cookie views his on-screen script as a writing and then writing his scripts, but he doesn't memorize them. He gives them a quick look at the studio and then "I just go out there and ad lib. I have to talk. And I know I'm good at it. It's the first 30 seconds that count. If you bring your script, you seldom lose them." With his elegant profile and his well-read mannerisms (he reads thoughtfully posed at mid-chest, fingertips touching), as he searches for the just perfect look for each Cookie's first 30 seconds are through the camera in television. On *British* still has a few close institutions left (the Henry Royal Regatta, Wimbledon, the opening of Parliament), but the US has Alastair Cookie.

As a matter of fact, the US has had the English-born Cookie since 1941 when he became a naturalized citizen, an event which caused little attention until the early '50s when the British ambassador invited him to Washington to inform him that the Queen wished to confer a knighthood on him. When told that Cookie was now an American, the ambassador's wife rejoined, "American citizens? Why did you want to do that?"

For Cookie, who has lived in the US permanently since 1958, it's always been an easy question to answer. More than pure logic was at work—he had an instinctive affinity for Americans and he was astounded he could interpret American accents to an uneducated British public. "The British have always had an obsession with what the U.S. is all about," he says. "His ability to satisfy that obsession has been amply demonstrated in his famous BBC radio program *Letter from America*, now broadcast in over 100 countries, and his perceptive reporting in *The Guardian*."

Today, as he relaxes in the red-walled study of his Manhattan apartment, it is obvious that America has treated the Manchester penman's son as well as he has treated it. "Oh, I'm comfortable," he says. "I can afford my brand of 8-guns, that sort of thing." Bookshelves full of U.S. history line the walls. Cookie's personal obsession is indicated by his collection of 200 golf books and pictures of him at the U.S. Open, interspersed with snapshots of his wife and grandchild. He handles about names like Nicklaus and Palmer with ease and improves his own father's game at his weekend Long Island retreat. Showing a film he recently completed on golf, Cookie laughs with exuberant joyous delight, pointing out the subtleties of the game with all the expertise of a 10-year-old analyzing *Star Wars*. When shots of him golfing with the late Bing Crosby flash on the screen, he col-

lapses in total rapture. With a wide grin, he proclaims what he obviously considers the final word, not only on golf but all human existence. "You know, Bingham Porter once said most people think golf is a microcosm of life, whereas the truth is that life is golf in miniature."

Cookie's celebrity cuts into his time on the putting green. Just receiving the mail is a 10-minute task. He gets as many as 400 letters a week, requests to appear at conferences, receive honorary degrees and attend countless

luncheons, dinners and cocktail parties. Nearly all are declined. Yet there is one invitation, if offered, that Cookie would be only too delighted to accept: he is an avid watcher of *The Muppet Show* whose guest stars have included a varied bag of notables from Elton John to Rod Taylor.

"The Muppets are marvelous," says Cookie, looking as if he has just won a 500-foot putt. "Wouldn't it be wonderful to be on that show?" Kermit the Frog, are you listening?

Bill Christopher

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# Bearing up under the strain, Part II



Right: The order may have changed, but the novelist's still the same

The GLOOM SEA  
by Margaret Atwood  
(McClelland and Stewart \$19.95)

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### FICITION

- 1 *Colossus, McInerney* (5)
- 2 *Scarlett, Krentz* (4)
- 3 *Shogun, Daigong* (3)
- 4 *Woolf, Woolf* (2)
- 5 *Gormley, Gormley* (1)
- 6 *The Hell of Constance, Latham* (2)
- 7 *The Human Factor, Greene* (1)
- 8 *The Silence of the Lambs, Harris* (1)
- 9 *Red, White* (1)
- 10 *The World According to Garp, Irving*

### NONFICTION

- 1 *The Complete Book of Reading, Plevin* (2)
- 2 *If Life is a Game of Chances — What Am I Doing to the Wife?, Goodbeck* (3)
- 3 *Malcolm X, LeBaron* (1)
- 4 *Polio Year One, Reiner, Spier* (1)
- 5 *E. P. Taylor, Atwood* (1)
- 6 *The Russian Voyage, Szwed* (1)
- 7 *The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady, Holden* (1)
- 8 *Thouless, Reinhardt* (1)
- 9 *Robert Kennedy and His Times, Schickel*
- 10 *The Day of Mocking, Hux*

1. Fiction featured  
from the list of the  
Canadian Bookstore Association

her hard-working, knighted United Church parents, schoolgirl Marguerite first scandalized her small-town Ontario community by carrying on with a "divorcé" and caps that by joining a *Rassvet* High Anglican order of half a dozen aging nuns. As the man began to struggle they force Marguerite back out into the world—specifically Toronto. Here she marries her high-school idol, a perfectly dreadful man given to making love under a horse, very green, very naked, Spanish primitive painting of the Crucifixion,\* running for office in the provincial Progressive Conservatives, and, inevitably, leaving her for a campaign worker.

Page after page of the book amaze with Egge's unadorned writing skill. But one must admire more than skill, and share more with a writer than space and time to enjoy a book. *Scarlett* with an author depends less on a shared geography of regions than on a shared geography of the soul. Then met me myself in any sense. Egge's chosen perspective on life happens to be the sour lover's. Fair enough, but some readers prefer the good lover's perspective, or the witness's, or someone's who is above—or at least outside—the fray. Egge has magic, but not enough to entice such readers into her circle.

Barbara Amiel

## Memoirs are made of this

FUN TOMORROW  
by John Macmillan  
(McClelland and Stewart \$19.95)

Life was according to everyone who knew him a warm, decent and civilized man. People for whom this was a term of approbation called him "a gentleman." When he died in August, just before this first volume of his memoirs was to be sent to press, John Macmillan Gray had been with Macmillan of Canada since 1959, leading the company from 1965 to 1973, a known and active player in the prearrangement of Canadian publishing.

But as this first volume (in what was to have been a two-volume series) clearly shows, Gray had more than a touch of Tertie Wootton about him and at times he could have used a Jewson to keep him in line. Suffering from that mysterious disease of the practical joker, he began his career, while at Upper Canada College, directly breaking in as the head of night in the sitting room at the headmaster's of Bishop Strachan School rather than the less serious of the noble young things he charged. By the time he was travelling

across Canada as a textbook salesman in the '50s he had polished his art, successfully swapping between Pullman runs the left supports of a group of travelling Reddies with the black leather shoes of some Toronto businessman. Bedlam ensued. Gray was in a prankster's heaven.

The memoirs cover Gray's education (in private schools in England and Canada and then, until he failed first-year law, at the University of Toronto), his early years in publishing and his work in field intelligence in World War II. If the book is a testament to anything, apart from Gray's high spirits and short concentration span, it is to the value (for some) of a classical education. Gray was not, by his own account, a man of particular scholarship or aptitude. He read Proust to "fall asleep" and Hugh MacLennan for intellectual excitement. He spent five years in Europe bravely suffering blather, yet unable to speak of German war criminals in terms more appropriate to members of an ultra dog fraternity. When he at-



Gray, a Tertie Wootton who could have used a Jewson to keep it in line

tempted to move out of the apocryphal of his life into an interpretation of the society as which they are set, he is clearly out of his depth. Yet these memoirs are written with skill, grace and wit. No person of the same profundity and unpreparedness to discuss in court for a full preliminary hearing how he would possibly have written anything as polished or enjoyable. Even more to the point, he probably wouldn't have referred an equal generosity of spirit.

Barbara Amiel

## Out of the files and into the fire

THE PENCOURT FILE  
by Sam Penrose and Roger Corbridge  
(Penguin \$19.95)

TV's Edward and Benson can stand up down there. Penrose 33, and Roger Corbridge 36, two British true-crime writers with a long string of best-selling books (before they have produced a 423-page dossier of Winston Churchill's real misdeeds at the Warburg estate) have found the Sunday school parables.

For openness here are the details of the British Liberal party leader, Jeremy Thorpe, allegedly seducing a 39-year-old male model. Setting the bed up in a sex pad in Westbury for four years. Love letters from Thorpe to the boy being stolen out of a moving suitcase. Compromising photographs (blackmail payments being made) on a weekly basis. And then the odds clearly piling the model a murder. South African intelligence agents uncovering the details and flooding Fleet Street with press demands to discredit the Liberal party.

But the book almost never came out as books in the British establishment to its publisher. The not funded most of the agents involved when the main body of the story was to be an uncovering of illegal South African intelligence work in Britain. But the corporate suddenly shut off the tap in 1976 when it saw the story heading much more toward Thorpe's home in Devon than in Phoenix.

Yusef Potemkin, managing director of the prestigious British publishing house of Secker and Warburg, rode in to the rescue with a £10,000 advance and the promise of confidentiality. For months the report was covered secretly on the line's list of latest projects as a history of British politics since 1945. As the book's publication date approached a steady stream of establishment types trooped grudgingly into Potemkin's office trying to get the book stopped or at least softened without success. When *The Pincourt File* finally hit British bookstores earlier this year, a conspiracy of silence appeared to diminish it. The prestigious London Observer which had purchased a £10,000 word excerpt for £20,000 mysteriously backed out without saying how the book. Only the assassination of a Liberal MP applied the story with a treatment that tended to flatter the authors' findings.

But that was last February. Thorpe has now been indicted for conspiracy and arrested to stand in a full trial in court for a full preliminary hearing how he would possibly have written anything as polished or enjoyable. Even more to the point, he probably wouldn't have referred an equal generosity of spirit.



Thorpe and Whitehallgate new the Establishment wrote

presented to stay away from "We told the British and the British by the man and Richard Wootton, a Liberal MP, voting the conviction of many who believe Thorpe using a high profile to convince the public of his innocence.

At the industry has resulted in a bulletin update in Pincourt book. We were better at points on Fleet Street for a time. Penrose wrote, but now he has asked us to do a documentary on the Thorpe case, and 60 Minutes the U.S. TV news magazine has interviewed us (and Oct. 24). As this story is now on the case. And that's even a Westminster. Behind Closed Doors TV says that might come out of it. On top of all that the authors were located at the Liberal conference.

The book despite being occasionally murky in a hammering book of how the British power structure operates. How does it run against opposition when exposure of anything seriously is threatened? A pretty sight.

Arthur Gosselin, Jr.



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## the Wines of France

## Where are the males of yesteryear? TV's Day Of The Wimp is at hand

By William Casselman

On a two new fall TV series, *Kas* and *Paper Chase*, there's a male lead who is physically and sexually a hapless wimp. Such these highly tested programs need a closer look. What we find would—as my old granny used to say—give a major on a girl's wage.

Consider *Day of the Wimp*, the low student hero of *Paper Chase*. He is an earnest lad, fresh from a Minnesota farm, and might be invited into the front porch, save for one small habit: he falls on his head a lot.

*Paper Chase* was a successful movie first, winning an Academy Award for John Houseman as the professor of contrast. As at what is supposed to be Harvard Law School in the film Timothy Bottoms played the student Hart who has such a struggle going through, particularly with Houseman's Professor Kingsfield. On TV wacky newsmen Art Stephens goes nowhere with the part. Stephens has a blank face the porch light is on, but there's nobody home. The script doesn't help. The first episode requires Stephens at Hart to bump into an indifferent people. He knocks a tray of a cafeteria table. He screws up pins under at his after-school job. He rides his 10-speed into the path of a girl's car and is nearly killed. He floats a slaving co-ed.

Part of being a wimp is feeling sorry for yourself. Hart's fellow law students are winning little prizes who mean that the work load is too heavy. Few viewers will have the slightest pity for these empathic skeptics, since nowadays a low degree is a license to humiliate and overwhelm. Frustrated classes. Every student encounter in this play is sticky with wimp's self-pity. Strange. The low student I remember were casual harem-lead over ready to devour the flesh of their fellows.

John Houseman is a great name in American theatre. As a dancer he worked with Orson Welles's *Mercury Theatre* in the late 1930s. When Welles advanced to RKO in film *Citizen Kane*, he and Houseman quarrelled and sepa-

rated. Now in his magnificent old age Houseman has become an actor of astounding presence. He is claimed like a teddy bear by the *Londoner* is *Robert*. While he recreates his movie role of Professor Kingsfield with ease and relish, the writers have made to character a bit of a wimp too.

Just how low pedagogy has sunk in North America is clear from watching Professor Kingsfield in his classroom where he demands excellence and intellectual precision. For this he is held in

Kas is an on-on who got his law degree while doing time for breaking and entering. But in *Kas* really handsome? An *Levy* *Brown* used to say "Kas" 13 children doesn't make a man but He's just mused up? Well, *Kas* dashes through the halls to court, bumps into a maid and upth offers on a girl wearing as Anne Klein original. What a playful prankster! He hands out business cards so fresh from the printer that ink bleeds in a receiver's hands. He court himself, where he has not the least clue how

to conduct the defense of his client. *Kas* as a judge. *Kas* as a judge. *Kas* as a judge. *Kas* as a judge.

The frenzied backs who typed up *Paper Chase* and *Kas* needed amiable protagonists, and it is a relief of video writing that if you want to make a young male character likable, make him a little more than a bungling idiot and urinate on the rug, all in the name of comedy. But since Albert glumly mounted *Queen Victoria*—"we shall be amused now"—has the female male appeared much a wimp. If the wimp is the only hero a man can become will accept, then the man-hating day-dreams of feminism are

stalled at last in the mirror of the male. *Day of the Wimp* The right choices of Kate McKinnon and other flicks for Saggie finally make it to TV. Suddenly—once admitted—we have the new laundress tale-made, just as Kate would prefer to be a mellow boy, fuzzy, bumptious, and devoid of tedious *Perfume* moment had them removed at puberty, bloated, and put next to the baby bottles on the mantel.

The cauliflower bouquet of misapprehension that, except in distant fantasies like *Wonder* and *Space Opera*, the male character can no longer be broadly appealing as a fag, a leader, a sage, a powerful lover. No one wants to return to the bad old days when male character fantasms peppered the tale. But let's keep a middle row between the bird's-eye of yore and the befuddled party-wants differring across our screens this fall as heroes.

William Casselman is a *West Coast* writer and *Journalist* producer.









## We have met the enemy and it is us—unless we learn to become our own watchdog

By Warner Troyer

In 1940, before he joined the Canadian Army, my father worked for a time in a munitions plant outside Montreal where many of the workers were afflicted with TNT poisoning by vapors from the "fuming" explosives. Symptoms were especially acute among women who suffered severe menstrual disorders. Factory doctors, more patriotic than sympathetic, avoided "down time" by giving the workers pills to "clear this problem up. In a few hours you'll see the poison being excreted in your urine, and you'll be fine."

Sure enough. Within 12 hours the workers who'd sought medical help were passing bright, metal-colored pee. They should have known "medication" consisted entirely of unopiated dyes. And the plant production schedules were met.

But that's history, and despite the anarchy of World War II, history from such simpler times. Today virtually every personal act requires a suspension of disbelief, a leap of faith resulting in us tolerating the engineers, the quality controllers, watchdog agencies and government inspectors are infallible. How else could we dare enter an elevator, use our toothpaste, trust our furnace, our auto brakes, the spray machine in our dentist's office? How could we dare eat, drink, breathe, warm our infants? Good questions. Because those leaps of faith, it develops, have been close to terrifying exposures. Michigan mothers have been administering potentially lethal mutagenic pills with their breast milk. Belleville and Brantford, Ontario, residents have been inhaling alarmingly high levels of chlorine solvents along with their drinking water, in Beauséjour and Shawanigan, Quebec, and in Oakhouse, New Brunswick, citizens are bombarded by airborne mercury poison up to 10 times the "breakdown" maximum allowed under U.S. Environmental Protection Agency regulations.

What demands examination in these cases is that the data I've cited come

from government studies financed by our taxes and unpublished until they were requested by journalists. Time and again and beyond all dispute, the men and women we elect and employ to protect our safety and health hide information we need for survival.

Private industry is no better than public bureaucracy. Remember the Platts? On Sept. 12, Robert B. Alexander, vice-president, technical group, Ford Motor Company, U.S.A., said "Product integrity and the quest for na-



perative quality always have been top priorities at Ford. The best way to describe our efforts in these areas is: we've adopted 'Good quality as the result of doing it right the first time'."

The "first time" Ford produced Platts sold about 2.6 million times more, it was in response to an internal cost-benefit study, which recommended that the company not spend an extra 11 cents per car to make those gas tanks less likely to explode in rear-end collisions. Then, because computer predictions indicated about 150 people would be incinerated in subsequent fires and another 180 severely burned, costing Ford a projected \$49.5 million in damage suits as measured against the \$137-million cost of fixing the hazardous cars. The motivation, said Ford engineers in a memo that surely landed on Mr. Alexander's desk, would not be "cost effective."

The simple truth is that survival with any decent quality of life is wholly impossible in modern society without full disclosure of the hazards around us, and anyone who fails to give us the information we need for our survival should be charged with criminal negligence.

It's time we recalled the "Nuremberg principle." That each of us has a loyalty to our fellows that supersedes loyalty to our employer—whether that employer operates gas ovens, health suites or agencies on or off the next general election.

We need, for openness, to understand that corporations and bureaucracies are neither good nor bad. They are, as entities, ethical entities. Corporate groups, public or private, have, like the USA molecule, only one goal: survival. As the human body is lost to the USA, the body politic is lost to our corporate interests, they feed off our interests (economic, in this case) in a blind, unreflective drive to self-perpetuation. They need to be informed of the limits of our tolerance.

How bad is it? In Ontario, as in the federal civil service, those at the public trough take an oath of secrecy in private life, "taken literally, civil servants aren't supposed to speak to each other," according to Ontario's research director for a consultant on freedom of information, John McGowan.

Section 20(3) of the Criminal Code says:

"Everyone is criminally negligent who in doing anything, or in omitting to do anything that it is his duty to do, shows wanton or reckless disregard for the lives or safety of other persons."

All we need is a replace "duty" with "ability." Then the engineers and technicians who studied Shawanigan, Oakhouse, Belleville and Platts might be moved to tell us where we must temper our hopes of faith.

Civilized society can't function without accountability. Edmund Burke said it all: "All that is necessary for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing."

Warner Troyer is author of *The Silent Platts*, an exposé of environmental pollution.



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